MEMORANDA
OF
ART AND ARTISTS.

JOSEPH SANDELL.

J. W. Gibson.

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ART AND ARTISTS.

MEMORANDA

OF

ART AND ARTISTS,

Anecdotal and Biographical.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

By JOSEPH SANDELL.

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PREFACE.

THE collection of the Anecdotes now offered to the public has been a work of some few years, but it has also been a pleasure. Loving Art, I have taken a deep interest in the light thrown by them on the character and career of the great artists whose works have done so much to elevate and refine mankind. These anecdotes have been culled from various sources; and though many of them have doubtless been several times related, yet some, it is believed, have never before been published in a collected form. Mr. Henry Ottley, in the Preface to his "Supplement to Bryan's Dictionary of Painters," remarks that many artists to whom he had applied for materials for biography, did not answer his letters, and that others declined from a feeling of diffidence to give him the required information. I have found a similar difficulty in obtaining anecdotes by applying to the artist friends with whom I have the honour of being acquainted. My work has, therefore, been to seek materials from other sources; to select, arrange, and, in some instances, abridge. Whenever it was possible to give the authority for a story, this has been done. The anecdotes are arranged in groups, according to the artist to whom they relate; and for convenience of reference, the names of

artists are given alphabetically. It is hoped that this little volume, while serving to wile away a leisure hour, may at the same time do something to arouse the reader's interest in the men who have devoted their lives to the service of Art, and so to the instruction and well-being of their fellow-men.

J. S.

WALHAM GREEN, LONDON, 1871.

3 Havelock Villas,
Cambridge Road
Summersbury

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ART AND ARTISTS.

ALLSTON (WASHINGTON).

WASHINGTON ALLSTON was born at Charleston, in South Carolina, on the 5th November, 1779, of a family distinguished in the history of that State. He entered Harvard College in 1796, and graduated in 1800. While at college he developed in a marked manner a love of music, poetry, and painting. On leaving college, he returned to South Carolina, having determined to devote his life to the fine arts, and embarked for London in 1801. On his arrival, he became a student of the Royal Academy, and formed an intimacy with his countryman, Benjamin West, who was its president. After three years in London, he paid visits to Paris and Rome, and in 1809 returned to America. Two years afterwards, we find him again in England, where his reputation as an artist was now completely established. In 1818 he returned to America, making Boston his home.

Mrs. Jameson, in her "Memoirs and Essays, illustrative of Art," says: "At Rome Allston first became distinguished as a mellow and harmonious colourist, and acquired among the native German painters the name of "the American Titian."

When in London, Allston paid a professional visit to

Fuseli, who asked him what branch of art he intended to pursue. He replied, "History." "Then, sir," answered the shrewd and intelligent professor of painting, "you have come a long way to starve."

Allston was the author of several poems, which, with his lectures on art, are edited by R. H. Dana, jun., and published in New York. He died on the 9th of July, 1843.

HIS OPINION OF HIS OWN PAINTING.

Some years after Allston had acquired a considerable reputation as a painter, a friend showed him a miniature, and begged he would give his sincere opinion upon its merits, as the young man who drew it had some thoughts of becoming a painter by profession. After much pressing, Allston candidly told the gentleman he feared the lad would never do anything as a painter, and advised his following some more congenial pursuit. The friend thereupon convinced him that the miniature had been done by Allston himself, for this very gentleman, when the painter was very young.

BARTOLOZZI (FRANCESCO), R.A.

FRANCESCO BARTOLOZZI was born in Florence, in the year 1728, where his father kept a shop, and followed the business of a goldsmith, on the Ponto Vecchio. Young Bartolozzi was taught drawing by Feretti, a drawing-master in Florence, and instructed in engraving by one Corsi, a very indifferent artist. His earliest attempts in engraving were copying prints from Frey

and Wagner, and engraving shop-cards, and saints for friars. His first work, considered of any consequence, was from a picture in the cloisters of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence. When he was about eighteen, by the advice of Feretti, he sent a specimen of his abilities to Wagner, at Venice, which was satisfactorily received; and from that time he became his pupil and assistant, and remained with him ten years. While he was with Wagner, Bartolozzi married and went to Rome, where he remained a year and a half. Among other works, he engraved, while at Rome, several heads of painters for Bottari's edition of Vasari.

In the year 1762, Mr. Dalton, the King's agent for works of art, being at Venice, introduced himself to the artist, and took him to Bologna to make two drawings,—a Cupid, from Guido, and the Circumcision, from Guercino, which he afterwards engraved for him.

At Mr. Dalton's invitation, Bartolozzi started for London in the year 1764, and, on arriving in the metropolis, he found his fame had, through the joint influence of his friend Cipriani and Mr. Dalton, brought many noted personages to his lodgings, desirous to make the artist's personal acquaintance. For three years and a half he was wholly employed by Mr. Dalton, at a guinea a day. He was one of the twenty-seven artists who memorialized the King to establish a Royal Academy, and was nominated a Royal Academician on its establishment in 1768. After quitting Cipriani's house, he lived in Broad Street, and in Bentinck Street, Soho; and at last settled in a house at North End, Fulham, where he took great delight in gardening, and where he remained to live till November, 1802, when he went to Portugal; after a residence in England of more than thirty-eight years.

Although Bartolozzi was greatly patronized by the public in this country, and in the receipt of a large income, and his works held in the highest estimation, yet, with a morbid sensibility, he always felt himself to be a foreigner, and never quite at home in England. At Lisbon he gave his attention to the superintendence of a school of engraving recently established, from which he received the sum of £200 yearly for his services.

The week before he left England, Lord Pelham sent his private secretary to inform him that he was authorized by His Majesty to make him an offer of £400 a year to remain in England, and more, if that was not sufficient; but this munificence Bartolozzi respectfully declined.

He died in the year 1815, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE III.

"I was shaving myself in the morning," says Bartolozzi, "when a thundering rapping at the door announced the glad tidings, and I cut myself in my hurry to go to Buckingham House, where I was told His Majesty was waiting for me in the library. When I arrived, I found the King on his hands and knees on the floor, cleaning a large picture with a wet sponge, and Mr. Dalton, Mr. Barnard, the librarian, and another person standing by. The subject of the picture was the 'Murder of the Innocents,' said to be by Paul Veronese, and I was sent for to give my opinion of its originality. Mr. Dalton named me to the King as a proper judge, as I had so lately come from Venice; and I suppose he intended to give me some previous instructions; but when delay was proposed, the King said: 'No; send for Mr. Bartolozzi now, and I will

wait here till he comes.' On my entering the room, the King asked me whether the picture was an undoubted original by Paul Veronese; to which I gave a gentle shrug, without saying a single word. The King seemed to understand the full force of the expression, and, without requiring any further comment, asked me how I liked England, and if I found the climate agree with me; and then walked out at the window which led into the garden, and left Mr. Dalton to roll up his picture; and here ended the consultation. The picture was an infamous copy, and offered to the King for the *moderate* price of one thousand guineas."

—o—

BEECHEY (SIR WILLIAM), R.A.

WILLIAM BEECHEY was born at Burford, in Oxfordshire, in the year 1753. It is recorded of this painter that the circumstance of a portrait of a nobleman which he had painted being returned by the hanging committee of the Exhibition led to his rapid advancement in life. The picture found its way to Buckingham House, was much admired by the royal family; and so led to his receiving the patronage of His Majesty. In 1798 he was commissioned to paint George III. on horseback reviewing the troops. Beechey excelled in portrait-painting. Though neat and delicate in his colouring, his portraits want that dignity and grace so well shown in those of the great master, Reynolds. He died in the year 1839.

INTERVIEW WITH HOLCROFT.

In Holcroft's diary occurs the following reference to this painter :—

"15 July, 1798.—Sir William Beechey, with his young son, called; he was lately knighted. Speaks best on painting, the subject on which we chiefly conversed. Said that a notion prevailed in Italy, that pictures having a brown tone had most the hue of Titian; and that the picture-dealers of Italy smeared them over with some substance which communicates this tone. Of this I doubt. Repeated a conversation at which he was present, when Burke endeavoured to persuade Sir Joshua Reynolds to alter his picture of 'The Dying Cardinal,' by taking away the devil, which Burke said was an absurd and ridiculous incident, and a disgrace to the artist. Sir Joshua replied, that if Mr. Burke thought proper, he could argue *per contra;* and Burke asked him if he supposed him so unprincipled as to speak from anything but conviction. 'No,' said Sir Joshua; 'but had you happened to take the other side, you could have spoken with equal force.' . . . Beechey praised my portrait, painted by Opie, but said the colouring was too foxy; allowed Opie great merit, especially in his picture of 'The Crowning of Henry VI. at Paris;' agreed with me that he had a bold and determined mind, and that he nearest approached the fine colouring of Rembrandt."

—o—

CHANTREY (SIR FRANCIS), R.A.

SIR FRANCIS was born on the 7th of April, 1782, at Norton, in Derbyshire. He was early apprenticed to a carver, with whom he served three years. In the year 1816, at the early age of eight-and-twenty, he became an Associate of the Royal Academy, and after two years' close study he was elected an Academician. It has been justly

said of this artist, that all his statues proclaim themselves at once the works of a deeply-thinking man. His most celebrated sepulchral monument, entitled "The Sleeping Children," is known all over Europe by engravings. It was erected in memory of two children of the late William Robinson, Esq. Chantrey died at his house, in Pimlico, on the 25th of November, 1841.

CHANTREY'S PRICES.

In 1808 Chantrey received a commission to execute four colossal busts for Greenwich Hospital:—those of Duncan, Howe, St. Vincent, and Nelson; and from this time his prosperity began. During the eight previous years he declared he had not gained five pounds by his labours as a modeller; and until he executed the bust of Horne Tooke, in clay, in 1811, he was himself diffident of success. He was, however, entrusted with commissions to the amount of £12,000. His prices at this time were eighty or a hundred guineas for a bust, and he continued to work at this rate for three years, after which he raised his terms to a hundred and twenty, and a hundred and fifty guineas, and continued these prices until the year 1822, when he again raised the terms to two hundred guineas; and when he modelled the bust of George IV., the King wished him to increase the price, and insisted that the bust of himself should not return to the artist a less sum than three hundred guineas.

HORNE TOOKE.

Horne Tooke had rendered Chantrey many important services, for which the latter through life took every opportunity to show his gratitude. About a year previous to Horne Tooke's death, he desired the artist to procure for

him a large black marble slab to place over his grave, which he intended should be in his garden at Wimbledon. This commission Chantrey executed, and went with Mrs. Chantrey to dine with Tooke on the day that it was forwarded to the dwelling of the latter. On the sculptor's arrival, his host merrily exclaimed, "Well, Chantrey, now that you have sent my tombstone, I shall be sure to live a year longer," which was actually the case.

EQUESTRIAN FIGURES.

When George IV. was sitting to Chantrey, he required the sculptor to give him the idea of an equestrian statue to commemorate him, which Chantrey accomplished at a succeeding interview by placing in the sovereign's hand a number of small equestrian figures, drawn carefully on thick paper, and resembling in number and material a pack of cards. These sketches pleased the King very much, who turned them over and over, expressing his surprise that such a variety could be produced; and after a thousand fluctuations of opinion, sometimes for a prancing steed, sometimes for a trotter, then for a neighing or starting charger, His Majesty at length resolved on a horse standing still, as the most dignified for a King. Chantrey probably led to this, as he was decidedly in favour of the four legs being on the ground; he had a quiet and reasonable manner of convincing persons of the propriety of that which from reflection he judged to be preferable. . . . When he had executed and erected the statue of the King on the staircase at Windsor, His Majesty good-naturedly patted the sculptor on the shoulder, and said, "Chantrey, I have reason to be obliged to you, for you have immortalized me."

CANDID OPINION.

Mr. Leslie relates the following anecdote :—

"Chantrey told me that on one of his visits to Oxford, Professor Buckland said to him 'If you will come to me, you shall hear yourself well abused.' He had borrowed a picture of Bishop Heber, from the Hall of New College, to make a statue from; and having kept it longer than he had promised, the woman who showed the Hall was very bitter against him. 'There is no dependence,' she said, 'to be placed on that Chantrey. He is as bad as Sir Thomas Lawrence, who has served me just the same; there is not a pin to choose between them.' She pointed to the empty frame, and said, 'It is many a shilling out of my pocket, the picture not being there; they make a great fuss about that statue of——' (mentioning one by Chantrey, that had lately been sent to one of the colleges), 'but we have one by Bacon, which, in my opinion, is twice as good. When Chantrey's statue came, I had ours washed; I used a dozen pails of water, and I am sure I made it look a great deal better than his.' He took out a five-shilling piece, and putting it into her hand, but without letting it go, said, 'Look at me, and tell me whether I look like a very bad man.' 'Lord, no, sir.' 'Well, then, I am that Chantrey you are so angry with.' She seemed somewhat disconcerted; but quickly recovering herself, replied, 'And if you are, sir, I have said nothing but what is true,' and he resigned the money into her hand."

FASHION.

On one occasion, at a dinner party, he was placed nearly opposite his wife at table, at the time when very large and full sleeves were worn, of which Lady C. had a very

fashionable complement; and the sculptor perceived that a gentleman sitting next to her was constrained to confine his arms, and shrink into the smallest dimensions, lest he should derange the superfluous attire. Chantrey, observing this, addressed him thus: "Pray, sir, do not inconvenience yourself from the fear of spoiling those sleeves, for that lady is my wife; those sleeves are mine, and as I have paid for them, you are at perfect liberty to risk any injury your personal comfort may cause to those prodigies of fashion!" Also, noticing a lady with sleeves curiously cut, he affected to think the slashed openings were from economical motives, and said, "What a pity the dressmaker should have spoiled your sleeves! It was hardly worth while to save such a little bit of stuff."

—o—

CONSTABLE (JOHN), R.A.

JOHN CONSTABLE, born in Suffolk, in the year 1776, passed his infancy in a beautifully rural country, the scenery of which he was in love with to the day of his death. His predilection for the art was developed before he reached the age of sixteen. Mrs. Constable procured for her son an introduction to Sir George Beaumont. Sir George had expressed himself much pleased with the youth's pen-and-ink copies. He was sent to pursue his studies in London; and in 1799, writing to a friend, he says:—

"I paint by all the daylight we have, and there is little enough. I sometimes see the sky; but imagine to yourself how a pearl must look through a burnt glass. I employ

my evenings in making drawings and in reading, and I hope by the former to clear my rent. If I can, I shall be very happy. Our friend Smith has offered to take any of my pictures into his shop for sale. He is pleased to find I am reasonable in my prices."

Again, in Leslie's memoirs of the artist we have the following memorandum of Constable :—

"For these few weeks past I have thought more seriously of my profession than at any other time of my life ; of that which is the surest way to excellence. I am just returned from a visit to Sir George Beaumont's pictures, with a deep conviction of the truth of Sir Joshua Reynolds' observation, that 'there is no easy way of becoming a good painter.' For the last two years I have been running after pictures, and seeking the truth at second-hand. I have not endeavoured to represent nature with the same elevation of mind with which I set out, but have rather tried to make my performances look like the work of other men. I am come to a determination to make no idle visits this summer, nor to give up my time to commonplace people. I shall return to Bergholt, where I shall endeavour to get a pure and unaffected manner of representing the scenes that may employ me. There is little or nothing in the Exhibition worth looking up to. *There is room enough for a natural painter.* The great vice of the present day is *bravura*,—an attempt to do something beyond the truth. Fashion always had, and will have, its day ; but truth in all things only will last, and can only have just claims on posterity. I have reaped considerable benefit from exhibiting ; it shows me where I am, and in fact tells me what nothing else could."

Constable kept up a wide correspondence among his friends, from which correspondence one of his most

intimate friends, C. R. Leslie, compiled and published, with much taste and discretion, Memoirs of his Life.

Constable died in the year 1837.

ARCHDEACON FISHER.

After preaching one Sunday, the archdeacon asked the artist how he liked his sermon: he replied—"Very much indeed, Fisher; I always did like that sermon."

CONSTABLE'S PLEASANTRY.

A picture of a murder sent to the Academy for exhibition while Constable was on the council, was refused admittance on account of a disgusting display of blood and brains in it; but Constable objected still more to the wretchedness of the work, and said: "I see no *brains* in the picture."

This recalls another which is related of Opie, who, when a young artist asked him what he mixed his colours with, replied, "*Brains.*"

It being complained to him by his servant that the milk supplied was very poor and weak in quality, he said one morning to the milkman: "In future, we shall feel obliged if you will send us the milk and the water in separate cans."

—o—

COLLINS (WILLIAM), R.A.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born in London, in September, 1788. At an early age his father noticed his son's talent, and sent him to the Royal Academy to pursue his studies. His skill in a short time was such that he became a valuable assistant to his father in his

business of cleansing and restoring pictures; and when he rose to paint pictures for himself, his father was at a loss what to do without him.

"The first intimation I gave," says his father, "of my incapacity to restore, or even line, the pictures without the aid of my son William, was on last Wednesday. There was a beautiful large landscape by Ostade—the figures by A. Teniers. I pointed out the necessary repairs in the sky which were wanted to make the picture complete; and, of course, mentioned Bill as superior to every other artist in that department. The squire listened very attentively until I had done, and then inquired what the expense of such repairs might be. I answered, about two or three guineas. "Oh, d——n the sky! clean it and stick it up without any repairs then!"

In 1807, Collins became for the first time exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and fifteen years later a Royal Academician. He married in 1822. He passed the years 1837 and 1838 studying his art in Italy. He says in his journal: "A painter should choose those subjects with which people associate pleasant circumstances: it is not sufficient that a scene pleases *him*." And this advice it is plain he acted upon himself to the end of his career. While living, he had the satisfaction (very rare to the most successful) of seeing his pictures fetch high prices. For instance—for his "Frost Scene" Sir Robert Peel paid him 500 guineas, Mr. Young gave him for his "Skittle Players" 400 guineas; and the same sum was paid him by Sir Thomas Baring for his "Mussel Gatherers."

The life of Collins was a success from the first year he entered as a student at the Royal Academy; and though his life has been called uneventful, the English artist will ever cherish his name.

He died in 1847, aged fifty-nine. His Life, with selections from his correspondence, is plainly and affectionately told by the artist's son, Mr. Wilkie Collins, published in two vols. 1848.

COMPLAINT AGAINST THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

The following are given by Wilkie Collins in his Memoirs.

"To H. Howard, Esq., R.A.

Great Portland Street, *1st May*, 1811.

"Sir,—Finding one of my pictures put upon the hearth in the 'Great Room,' where it must inevitably meet with some accident from the people who are continually looking at Mr. Bird's picture; I take the liberty of requesting you will allow me to order a sort of case to be put round the bottom part of the frame, to protect it (as well as the picture) from the kicks of the crowd. Even the degrading situation in which the picture is placed would not have induced me to trouble you about it had it been *my* property; but, as it was painted on commission, I shall be obliged to make good any damage it may sustain.

I remain, sir, your obedient, humble servant,

W. Collins, Jun."

"To Mr. Collins, Jun.

Royal Academy, *May* 1, 1811.

"Sir,—I conceive there will be no objection to your having a narrow wooden border put round the picture you speak of, if you think such a precaution necessary, provided it be done any morning before the opening of the Exhibition; and you may show this to the porter as an authority for bringing in a workman for that purpose. I cannot help expressing some surprise that you should consider the situation of your picture degrading, knowing as I

do that the Committee of Arrangement thought it complimentary, and that, as low as it is, many members of the Academy would have been content to have it.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, H. HOWARD, *Secretary.*"

"*THE BIRD CATCHERS.*"

Mr. Stark, the landscape painter, supplied the following interesting notice of this famous picture :—

"In order to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the process of bird-catching, he (Collins) went into the fields (now the Regent's Park) before sunrise, and paid a man to instruct him in the whole mystery; and I believe if the arrangement of the nets, cages, and decoy birds, with the disposition of the figures, lines connected with the nets, and birds attached to the sticks, were to be examined by a Whitechapel bird-catcher, he would pronounce them to be perfectly correct. He was unable to proceed with the picture for some days, fancying that he wanted the assistance of Nature in a piece of broken foreground; and whilst this impression remained, he said he should be unable to do more. I went with him to Hampstead Heath; and although he was not successful in meeting with anything that suited his purpose, he felt that he could then finish the picture; but while the impression was on his mind that anything could be procured likely to lead to the perfection of the work, he must satisfy himself by making the effort—even if it proved fruitless. I have perhaps said more on this picture than you may deem necessary; but it was the first work of this description that I had been acquainted with, and the only picture, excepting those of my late master, Crome, that I had ever seen in progress. Moreover, I believe it to have been the first picture of its particu-

lar class ever produced in this country; and this, both in subject and treatment, in a style so peculiarly your late father's, and one which has gained for him so much fame."

The painter himself has left the following memoranda on this picture:—

"Two days since, Constable compared a picture to a *sum;* for it is wrong if you can take away or add a figure to it. In my picture of 'Bird-Catchers,' to avoid red, blue, and yellow—to recollect that Callcott advised me to paint some parts of my picture thinly (leaving the ground)—and that he gave credit to the man who never reminded you of the palette."

HAYDON'S "JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON."

"Went to Spring Gardens," says Collins, "to see Haydon's picture of 'The Judgment of Solomon.' In this most extraordinary production there is everything for which the Venetian school is so justly celebrated; with this difference only, that Haydon has considered other qualities equally necessary. Most men who have arrived at such excellence in colour, have seemed to think they have done enough; but with Haydon it was evidently the signal of his desire to have every greatness of every other school. Hence, he lays siege to the drawing and expression of Nature, which, in this picture, he has certainly carried from, and in the very face of, all his competitors. Of the higher qualities of Art are certainly the tone of the whole picture; the delicate variety of colour; the exquisite sentiment in the mother bearing off her children; and the consciousness of Solomon in the efficacy of his demonstration of the real mother. In short, Haydon deserves the praise of every real artist for having proved that it is possible (which, by the way, I never doubted) to add all the beauties of colour

and tone to the grandeur of the most sublime subject, without diminishing the effect upon the heart. Haydon has done all this; and produced, upon the whole, the most perfect modern picture I ever saw; and that at the age of seven-and-twenty!"

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

Among the correspondence of Collins occurs the following characteristic letter to him from this celebrated writer.

"To W. Collins, Esq., A.R.A.
Highgate, *December*, 1818.

"My dear Sir,—I at once comply with, and thank you for, your request to have some prospectuses. God knows I have so few friends, that it would be unpardonable in me not to feel proportionably grateful towards those few who think the time not wasted in which they interest themselves in my behalf. There is an old Latin adage: '*Vis videri pauper, et pauper es.*' Poor you profess yourself to be, and poor therefore you are, and will remain. The prosperous feel only with the prosperous; and if you subtract from the whole sum of their feeling for all the gratifications of vanity and all their calculations of *lending to the Lord*, both of which are best answered by conferring the superfluity of their superfluities on advertised and advertisable distress—or on such as are known to be in all respects their inferiors—you will have, I fear, but a scanty remainder. All this is too true; but then, what is that man to do whom no distress can bribe to swindle or deceive? who cannot reply as Theophilus Cibber did to his father, Colley Cibber, who, seeing him in a rich suit of clothes, whispered to him as he passed, 'The.! The.! I pity thee!' 'Pity me! pity my tailor!' Spite of the decided approbation which my plan

of delivering lectures has received from several judicious and highly respectable individuals, it is too histrionic, too much like a retail dealer in instruction and pastime, not to be depressing. If the duty of living were not far more awful to my conscience than life itself is agreeable to my feelings, I should sink under it. But, getting nothing by my publications, which I have not the power of making estimable by the public without loss of self-estimation, what can I do? The few who have won the present age, while they have secured the praise of posterity, as Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Southey, Lord Byron, etc., have been in happier circumstances. And lecturing is the only means by which I can enable myself to go on at all with the great philosophical work to which the best and most genial hours of the last twenty years of my life have been devoted. Poetry is out of the question. The attempt would only hurry me into that sphere of acute feelings from which abstruse research, the mother of self-oblivion, presents an asylum. Yet sometimes, spite of myself, I cannot help bursting out into the affecting exclamation of our Spenser (his 'wine' and 'ivy garland' interpreted as competence and joyous circumstances),—

> "Thou kenn'st not, Percy, how the rhyme should rage!
> Oh if my temples were bedewed with wine,
> And girt with garlands of wild ivy-twine,
> How I could rear the Muse on stately stage!
> And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
> With queen'd Bellona in her equipage—
> But, ah, my courage cools ere it be warm!"

But God's will be done. To feel the full force of the Christian religion, it is perhaps necessary, for many tempers, that they should first be made to feel, experimentally, the hollowness of human friendship, the presumptuous emptiness of human hopes. I find more substantial com-

fort now in pious George Herbert's 'Temple,' which I used to read to amuse myself with his quaintness—in short, only to laugh at—than in all the poetry since the poems of Milton. If you have not read 'Herbert,' I can recommend the book to you confidently. The poem entitled 'The Flower,' is especially affecting; and, to me, such a phrase as 'relish versing,' expresses a sincerity, a reality, which I would unwillingly exchange for the more dignified, 'and once more love the Muse,' etc. And so, with many other of Herbert's homely phrases. We are all anxious to hear from, and of, our excellent transatlantic friend [Mr. Allston]. I need not repeat that your company, with or without our friend Leslie, will gratify your sincere,

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

THE PAINTER'S SYMPATHISERS.

Collins was much amused on one occasion by the remark of some fishermen. Having made a careful study of some boats and other objects on the beach, which occupied him the greater part of the day, towards evening, when he was preparing to leave, the sun burst out low in the horizon, producing a very beautiful, although totally different, effect on the same objects; and with his usual enthusiasm, he immediately set to work again, and had sufficient light to preserve the effect. The fishermen seemed deeply to sympathize with him at this unexpected and additional labour as they called it; and endeavoured to console him by saying, "Well, never mind, sir; every business has its troubles."

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COPLEY (JOHN SINGLETON), R.A.

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY was born at Boston in America, 3rd July, 1737. His father was of English descent, and having resided a long time in Ireland, many claimed the painter, when he became eminent, as a native of the sister Isle. When eight or nine years old, he would remain in an old lumber room for several hours at a time, drawing, in charcoal, figures on the wall. At that time Boston had neither academy nor private instructors in the art; and the young artist had therefore to educate himself. In the year 1760 he sent his first painting anonymously to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which raised high expectations among the academicians. Seven years after, his name was well known to admirers of Art, both in America and England. So proud were the Bostonians of him, that they provided as many commissions as he could execute. He visited London in 1774; but after a short stay he left it for Italy. He thus writes to an acquaintance from Rome,—"Having seen the Roman school, and the wonderful efforts of genius exhibited by Grecian artists, I now wish to see the Venetian and Flemish schools. There is a kind of luxury in seeing, as well as there is in eating and drinking; the more we indulge, the less are we to be restrained; and indulgence in Art I think innocent and laudable. . . . The only considerable stay which I intend to make will be at Parma, to copy the fine Correggio. Art is in its utmost perfection here; a mind susceptible of the fine feelings which Art is calculated to excite will find abundance of pleasure in this country. The Apollo, the Laocoön, etc., leave nothing for the human mind to wish for; more cannot be effected by the genius of man than what is happily combined in those miracles of

the chisel." Copley returned to London, and being introduced by West to the Academy, the King, in 1783, sanctioned his election as an R.A. His name being established, year after year witnessed works of high and enduring merit from his brush. He was never idle. The merit of his paintings was the more surprising when it was considered with what rapidity they were executed. Perhaps among his best works are the following, "King Charles ordering the arrest of the five Members of Parliament," "The Death of Chatham," and "The Death of Major Pierson," a young officer who fell in the defence of St. Helier's against the French. This picture was painted for Boydell; and when, long afterwards, his gallery was dispersed, was purchased back by the artist, and was subsequently in the possession of his son, the late Lord Lyndhurst, who, to his credit, was at the time of his death the owner of several of the best works of his distinguished parent. Copley died 9th September, 1815.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

A portrait painter in large practice might write a pretty book on the vanity and singularity of his sitters. A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, and wife, and seven children all included in a family piece. "It wants but one thing," said he, "and that is the portrait of my first wife—for this one is my second." "But," said the artist, "she is dead you know, sir: what can I do? she is only to be admitted as an angel." "Oh, no! not at all," answered the other; "she must come in as a woman—no angels for me." The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back; when he returned, he had a stranger lady on his arm. "I must have another cast of your hand, Copley," he said: "an accident befel

my second wife; this lady is my third; and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture." The painter complied—the likeness was introduced—and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses. Not so the lady; she remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of! out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly, and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits he had obliterated.—*Life of Copley: Family Library.*

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DAVID (JACQUES LOUIS).

JACQUES LOUIS DAVID, the celebrated French painter, was born in Paris in the year 1748, and studied under Vienne. It is said of him, that while endeavouring to give an air of antique character to his works, he was too often cold and inexpressive, resembling coloured statuary more than nature. By many admirers he is looked up to as the head and restorer of the French school. The following may be reckoned as his most celebrated pictures:—"The Rape of the Sabines," "The Coronation of Napoleon," "The Oath taken in the Tennis Court," "Brutus," "Belisarius," "The Funeral of Patroclus," and "The Death of Socrates." He died in December, 1825.

DAVID'S MARRIAGE.

Jacques Louis David was very successful with his pupils. At each distribution of prizes at the Academy of Rome, one of his pupils generally bore away the palm. The King of France, who acknowledged the royalty of the arts, ordered apartments to be prepared for David in the Louvre.

Till then, David had never dreamed of marrying; he only thought of the productions of his genius. Before taking possession of his apartments in the Louvre, it was necessary for him to come to some arrangement with Pécoul, the King's architect. David had known his son at Rome. They had often talked together of their country and absent families. Pécoul's son had said to David, "I have some handsome sisters; you must choose one, and we shall then be brothers." On the painter's departure for Paris, he had given him a letter to his father, principally as an introduction to his sisters. More than two years had passed by, and the letter still remained in a portfolio of drawings. One day, as David turned it over, he said—"Who knows but destiny may have traced this?" And so it remained for another six months.

At last he called on Pécoul.

"Ah!" said the architect, "you are David, and you want apartments in the Louvre?"

"Yes, sir, the King has had the kindness to allow me to reside there."

David had the letter in his pocket; he blushed, drew it out, and gave it, with much emotion, to the architect.

"Egad!" said Pécoul, "this letter will still keep a little longer; come and dine with me, and we will read it at the dessert." Saying this, Pécoul, in his turn, put the letter into his pocket.

David went to dinner. There was a great display of luxury and coquetry. It was Pécoul's ardent wish that the glory and fortune of David should spring from his own house.

At the dessert, Pécoul took out his son's letter and read it aloud. This was like a piece of theatrical clap-trap. The profoundest silence ensued; the young girls held down their

heads while eyeing David. David interrogated the sphinx. Pécoul, as he read the letter, tried also to read the thoughts of David in his eyes. The mother alone thought of him who had written the letter, for her son was still at Rome.

The letter ran as follows :—"The bearer of this, dear father, is my best friend; do your utmost that he may become my brother. This will be easy enough; he is twenty-five, and you have some marriageable daughters; he has genius, and you have money."

Monsieur Pécoul finished reading; but his auditors were still listening.

"You see, mesdemoiselles," at last said David, taken unexpectedly, "how your brother settles matters. I am quite confused at his good opinion of me; but he does not seem to know that neither daughter nor sister ought to be forced, where marriage is concerned. As for me, who am alone in the world, I should be too happy to people my solitude with beauty and virtue."

After an awkward pause, the architect broke silence by telling David that he would religiously follow his son's advice, especially as the celebrated painter of "Belisarius" had no natural aversion to matrimony. The conversation resumed its liveliness, and every one spoke much and gaily; but when David rose to leave, he did not yet know which of the two young girls he should marry. Of the two beauties he married the Roman type.

DAVID'S CRUELTY.

It is related of David, that during the reign of terror, when the executions were most numerous and indiscriminate, he would give vent to his ferocious nature by exclaiming with a chuckle, "*C'est ça, il faut encore broyer du rouge.*"

HIS EXCESSIVE VANITY.

His cruelty was only equalled by his vanity and sycophancy. Boasting of being like Robespierre—incorruptible, one who knew him remarked, "I know what would bribe you!" "What?" he indignantly exclaimed. "An apotheosis in the Pantheon during your lifetime," was the answer.

On his death-bed, at the direction of his physicians, an engraving of one of his works was shown him to test the state of his faculties; he cast on it his glassy eyes, and muttered, "*Il n'y a que moi qui pouvait concevoir la tête de Léonidas.*"

DANTON'S FEATURES.

David, who regarded as a demi-god Danton, the organizer of the massacre of the prisons during the reign of terror, attempted several times to delineate the horrid countenance of this remarkable man; at last, giving up the attempt as impossible, David exclaimed, "*Il serait plus facile de peindre l'éruption d'un volcan, que les traits de ce grand homme.*"

DAVID AND NAPOLEON.

In his celebrated picture of the distribution of the eagles to Napoleon's legions, David had represented Victory soaring over them, holding forth crowns of laurel. "What do you mean, sir, by this foolish allegory?" exclaimed the Emperor, "it was perfectly unnecessary. Without borrowing such absurd fictions, the world must know that all my soldiers are conquerors." On returning some days after this ebullition of temper, the Emperor was delighted at finding David had painted three scrolls, bearing the names of Buonaparte, Hannibal, and Charlemagne.

DAVID AND THE EMPEROR'S PORTRAIT.

Before painting the Emperor's portrait, he asked him how he would be represented. "On the field of victory, sire, sword in hand?" "Bah!" replied the Emperor. "Victories are not gained by the sword. Represent me, sir, dashing forward on a fiery steed."

Again, when requested to sit a little more steadily, to obtain a good resemblance, Napoleon replied: "Pshaw, sir! who cares for a resemblance? What are mere features, sir? The genius of the artist is shown by his success in representing the fire—the inspiration of the face. Think you, sir, Alexander ever sat to Apelles?"

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DENON (DOMINIQUE VIVANT).

DOMINIQUE VIVANT DENON was born in a small town of Burgundy, of a noble family, in the year 1747. He was appointed by the King, at an early age, gentleman-in-ordinary. Soon after, he was made secretary of embassy, and accompanied Baron Talleyrand to Naples. It was in this capacity, during the absence of Talleyrand, that Denon charmed all he had acquaintance with by his rare superiority of talent and depth of conception, which, lying concealed under an inexhaustible fund of wit and humour, was not even suspected to exist till the wit and courtier vanished to make room for the diplomatist. While in Italy, he devoted his mornings to the study of the Fine Arts, of which he was passionately fond. He was selected by Buonaparte to accompany him to Egypt, in which celebrated campaign Denon by turns wielded the sword and handled the pencil. It was remarked by all that his

stock of gaiety never deserted him, even when under the severest privations. Many instances are recorded of his humanity and feeling on crossing the desert. His terrific picture of the Arab dying in the desert of hunger and thirst was taken from nature; and such and even worse scenes were daily met with by the artist during this memorable undertaking of the great general. Denon returned with Buonaparte to France, and prepared his immortal travels in Upper and Lower Egypt during the Egyptian campaigns. This work, which has obtained the highest suffrages, and been translated into almost all European languages, was much admired by Buonaparte himself. One day, on looking over the work, Napoleon said, "If I lost Egypt, Denon has conquered it." As a mark of appreciation of Denon's talent and attachment, he was appointed by Napoleon director and administrator-general of the museums and medal-mint. This office was just in accordance with Denon's taste and talents. No medals were allowed to be struck of which the designs and execution had not received the approbation of Denon; and to this cause, say the connoisseurs, is to be attributed the uniform superiority of the Napoleon medals in beauty of execution over every other collection in the world. Denon was specially appointed to superintend the erection of the column in the Place Vendôme in honour of the battle of Austerlitz. The model was to be the column of Trajan at Rome; but, it is generally agreed, Denon greatly surpassed his model. After the fall of Napoleon, Denon lived in retirement, occupying himself with his collection of medals, etc. His cabinet was open several days in the week, and was resorted to by strangers from all parts of the world. For the last seven years before his death, which took place in the year 1825, he employed his spare moments in the

composition of a work on the "History of Art," with about 300 to 400 plates from his own cabinet. The subscription was soon closed after his intention was known. Many of the first French artists, it is said, owe their advancement in life to his interest and influence. He died at the age of seventy-eight.

NAIVETÉ OF TALLEYRAND'S WIFE.

"Talleyrand invited Denon to dinner. When he went home to his wife, he said, 'My dear, I have invited Denon to dine. He is a great traveller, and you must say something handsome to him about his travels, as he may be useful to us with the Emperor.' His wife being extremely ignorant, and probably never having read any other books of travels than that of Robinson Crusoe, concluded that Denon could be nobody else than Robinson. Wishing to be very civil to him, she, before a large company, asked him divers questions about his man Friday! Denon, astonished, did not know what to think at first; but at length discovered by her questions that she really imagined him to be Robinson Crusoe. His astonishment and that of the company cannot be described, nor the peals of laughter which it excited in Paris, as the story flew like wildfire through the city; and even Talleyrand himself was ashamed of it." —*Gentleman's Magazine.*

DENON'S CURIOSITIES.

The following are a few of the many curiosities sold by auction in Paris in 1846. Various instruments which belonged to the tribunal of the Inquisition at Valladolid. The ring of John-without-Fear, Duke of Burgundy, who was assassinated on the bridge of Monterau; the ring being found in his grave in 1792. Plaster casts of the heads of

Cromwell, Charles XII., and Robespierre. Fragments of bones found in the burial place of the Cid and Ximena at Burgos. Bones from the grave of Abelard and Heloise at Paraclete. Hair of Agnes Sorel, who was burned at Loches, and of Ines de Castro, at Alkaboga. Part of the moustaches of Henry IV., found in excellent preservation when the royal tombs at St. Denis were emptied in 1793. A piece of Turenne's shroud. Bones of Molière and La Fontaine. Some hair of General Desaix. A tooth of Voltaire. A piece of the shirt stained with blood worn by Napoleon at the time of his death. A lock of his hair, and a leaf of the weeping willow which overshadows his grave at St. Helena.

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FLAXMAN (JOHN), R.A.

FLAXMAN held the distinguished position of Professor of Sculpture to the Royal Academy. He was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and his mind seems to have been early imbued with that classic feeling and taste which it is essential for an historical sculptor to possess, and which laid the foundation of his future celebrity. He was admitted a Student of the Royal Academy, in 1770. In 1787, Mr. Flaxman went to Italy, where he pursued his studies for seven years. While resident at Rome, he made about eighty designs from the Iliad and Odyssey. These were so highly approved that he was afterwards engaged to illustrate, in the same manner, the works of Dante for Mr. Thomas Hope, and Æschylus for the late Countess Spencer. All these designs were made at Rome, and engraved there by Thomas Piroli. The Homer was published in quarto, in

1793, and again, with additional plates, in 1805; the Æschylus, in 1795; the Dante, in 1807. His illustrations of Hesiod were made after his return to England; they were engraved by W. Blake, and published in 1816. Mr. Flaxman returned from Rome in 1794, and was elected on his way a Member of the Academies of Florence and Carrara. His first work after his arrival in England, and for which he received the commission before he left Rome, was the monument to Lord Mansfield, in Westminster Abbey. He designed and executed many other sepulchral monuments, the most notable being those of Earl Howe, Lord Nelson, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in St. Paul's cathedral; while Westminster Abbey, and various other cathedrals and churches, are enriched with exquisite productions of his genius. Flaxman died, 3rd December, 1826, at the age of seventy-one.

HIS OBLIGING DISPOSITION.

The following letter curiously illustrates the kind and obliging nature of the celebrated sculptor. It is addressed to John Bischoff, Esq., Leeds :—

"BUCKINGHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE,
"*19th of Aug.* 1814.

"DEAR SIR,—Your first respected letter was duly received, concerning the drawing for Dr. Whitaker's new edition of 'The History of Leeds;' the answer to which has been delayed so long because I wished to send by it such information respecting the manner of engraving the monument of Captains Walker and Beckett, with the expense, as might enable Dr. Whitaker and yourself to determine what kind of print will be most likely to answer the purpose of publication —which will consequently determine the kind of drawing from which the copper-plate must be engraved. This

information I have just obtained. A highly-finished shadowed engraving, of the proper size for a quarto book, will cost twenty guineas, or more; and in this department of Art there are two engravers of distinguished excellence, Mr. Bromley and Mr. Englehart. For such an engraving a drawing should be made by Mr. Stothard, who is used to draw for engravers; which is an absolute requisite, as this is a distinct branch of Art. A drawing of this kind costs about five or six guineas. If the Rev. Doctor would be satisfied with an outline of the monument—such as those published of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, as well as some in Cowper's translations of Milton's Latin poems, which is now a favourite style of decoration in books—I can make the outline myself, and will request the Editor's acceptance of it. The engraving, including the copper-plate, will cost six guineas if done by Mr. Blake, the best engraver of outlines. When you favour me with Dr. Whitaker's intentions on this subject, pray send in the letter the size of the intended book. I hope you will excuse the trouble I have occasioned you; and accept my particular thanks for your kindness and attention.

"I have the honour to remain, etc.,

"JOHN FLAXMAN."

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FUSELI (HENRY), R.A.

HENRY FUSELI was a native of Zurich, and came to England at an early age, being undecided whether to make Literature or Art his study. He happened to take some of his drawings to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and requested the great painter to give his candid opinion upon their

execution. The President was so struck with the power of conception displayed in them, that after attentively viewing them, he said, "Young man, were I the author of these drawings, and offered ten thousand a year not to practise as an artist, I would reject it with contempt." This opinion, so flattering, decided him. In 1798, on the opening of his Milton Gallery, he fully satisfied all who might previously have had misgivings, by a rare display of lofty imagination, blended with extensive intellectual acquirements. All were agreed upon his marvellous genius as displayed in that exhibition. Among his masterly works in the Shakspeare Gallery, his "Ghost of Hamlet's Father" was, perhaps, the grandest. Mr. Fuseli enjoyed the friendship of the most distinguished literati of the age. His townsman, Lavater, entertained a very high opinion of him before ever he discovered his genius by his after career. On leaving his native town to begin life, Lavater put into his hand a small piece of paper, beautifully framed, on which was written, "Do but the tenth part of what you *can* do." "Hang that up in your bed-room," said Lavater, "and I know what will be the result." Mr. Fuseli enjoyed excellent health, no doubt the result of his habitual temperance; whether in town or country, summer or winter, he was seldom in bed after five o'clock. He died in the year 1825, at the ripe old age of 84, and his remains were interred in St. Paul's cathedral.

HIS CAT.

It is related of the famous Fuseli, that he had a very imperfect sympathy for the harmless domestic cat. One day he was heard roaring at the top of his voice, "Same, Same, why the devil don't you come?" The affectionate Mrs. F., who was in an adjoining room, rushed out, and catching sight of her husband's agonized features, asked in

dismay, "What do you want of Sam, my dear Henry?" The only reply to which was, "Oh! d—— your dear Henry; send up Same." On hastening to his assistance, the professor was found sprawling on his back, and pointing to the great doors of his painting room. It was found that he had a few minutes before gone there to take out a large picture to paint upon, when a couple of cats that had crawled through the roof rushed out and confronted him, thus causing all the disturbance. The man for whom he had called so vigorously by the name of "Same," 'was Samuel Stronger, his model, who found his patron as white as a ghost.

HIS GAITERS.

It was not unusual for Fuseli to walk into the students' room, with his gaiters in his hand. He would put them on just before the Academy closed for the night. One night, in his hurry to begin, he forgot the gaiters, or rather mislaid them. A long-continued grumbling announced to the students present that something was wrong. One of the students, less careful than the others, began to titter; this caught the professor's ears, who bounced out of the room, exclaiming, "Oh! you are all a set of teeves; you have stolen my gaiters!" The merriment had not subsided, when, re-appearing with the missing articles in his hand, and assuming as bland a smile as he could command, he apologetically added, "Oh, no! I was the teef myself. It was I who stole the gaiters!"

THE DRAMA.

Fuseli was a profound scholar in the works of Shakspeare, so much so that he had the various passages of the plays at his fingers' ends. As an illustration, the following incident occurred at a dinner table, at which many were present.

Sitting beside Fuseli was a very garrulous, shallow young man, who several times misquoted the great dramatist. After receiving blunder upon blunder with an audible growl, he addressed the young gentleman with, "Where's that to be found?"

"In Titus Andronicus, where the black, as you recollect, says—"

"No, saar, I do not recollect; I do not think it is in Taitus Andronicus at all."

"Macbeth, perhaps," ventured the quoter.

"No, no; it is not in Maac-beath."

"In Hamlet."

"No, nor in Haamlet, saar."

"Well, then, I do not recollect where it is," admitted the speaker. To which Fuseli added, "Perhaps you do not know, but it is in Otello, saar," much to the diversion of the assembled guests.

NOISY STUDENTS.

Hearing a violent noise in the studio, and inquiring the cause, he was answered by one of the porters, "It's only those fellows, the students, sir." "Fellows!" exclaimed Fuseli; "I would have you to know, sir, those *fellows* may one day become Academicians." The noise increasing, he opened the door with, "You are a den of wild beasts." Munro, who was one of the students, bowed, and said, "And Fuseli is our keeper."

THE YORKSHIREMAN.

Discoursing one day upon the merits of Phocion, the Athenian, a gentleman gravely put the question, "Pray, sir, who was Mr. Phocion?" Fuseli as gravely answered, "From your dialect, sir, I presume you are from Yorkshire; and, if

so, I wonder you do not recollect Mr. Phocion's name, as he was Member for your county in the Long Parliament!"

RICHARDSON'S NOVELS.

A gentleman speaking one day in the presence of Fuseli, of books, remarked, "No one now reads the works of Richardson." "Do they not?" said the painter, "then by G— they ought. If people are tired of old novels, I should be glad to know your criterion of books. If Richardson is old, Homer is obsolete. *Clarissa* to me is pathetic; I never read it without crying like a child."

CLASSICAL ATTAINMENTS.

Haydon, in his lectures on painting, observes: "In general literature, what is called polite literature, Fuseli was highly accomplished. He perhaps knew as much of Homer as any man; but he was not a deep classic; he could puzzle Dr. Burney by a question, but he was more puzzled if Dr. Burney questioned him. Porson spoke lightly of his knowledge of Greek, but in comparison with Porson, a man might know little and yet know a great deal; a friend once asked him to construe a difficult passage in the chorus in the Agamemnon of Æschylus—he cursed all choruses, and said he never read them! But his power of acquiring, idiomatically, a living language was certainly extraordinary; six weeks, he said, was enough for him to speak any language; yet though his tendency to literature gave him in society the power of being very amusing, I think it my duty to caution the young men present; he, for an artist, allowed literature to take too predominant a part in his practice, and sunk too much the painter in the critic."

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GAINSBOROUGH (THOMAS), R.A.

THIS eminent landscape painter was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727. His father was a clothier by trade, and of very peculiar habits. It was to his mother, an accomplished woman, that he owed so much affectionate encouragement during his boyhood. He often absented himself from school, and spent the time sketching the picturesque dwellings with overhanging storeys in his neighbourhood. It has been said of him, "Nature was his teacher, and the woods of Suffolk were his Academy." His affection for his birthplace was very great throughout his career, and there was not a tree of any beauty there that was not treasured in his memory. At the age of fifteen he left for London, and returned disappointed to Sudbury after four years' absence. On his return to his native town he devoted himself to the study of landscape, and soon after married the handsome Margaret Burr, who brought an annuity of £200. Still he studied hard, and his fame extended. It was in 1774, after thirty-three years, he returned to the metropolis, his fame having long preceded him. With a splendid income, he occupied Schomberg House, Pall Mall, at a rental of £300 a year. Here there was much demand upon his industry by royalty, peers, and commoners. He died in August, 1788, in the sixty-second year of his age.

THE CONCEITED ALDERMAN.

Gainsborough was one day painting the portrait of a rich citizen, who told the painter that he had come in his new five-guinea wig. His manner and his attempts to look pretty had such an effect upon the artist, it was with the greatest difficulty he was prevented laughing in his face. At length,

when the worthy alderman begged he would not overlook the dimple in his chin, his manner was so simpering that no power of his face could withstand it; Gainsborough burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, threw his pencils on the floor, and d—ning the dimple, declared he could not paint that or the alderman either, and never touched the picture more.

THE ARTIST'S INDEPENDENCE.

A gentleman being disappointed at not receiving his picture, called upon the painter, and inquired of the porter in a loud voice, "Has that fellow, Gainsborough, finished my portrait?" He was shown into the studio, where he beheld his portrait, and was much pleased with it. After ordering the artist to send it home forthwith, he added, "I may as well give you a cheque for the other fifty guineas." "Stay a minute," said Gainsborough, "it just wants a finishing stroke;" and snatching up a background brush, he dashed it across the smiling features, indignantly exclaiming, "Sir, where is my fellow now?"

HIS LETTER TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

"My Lord Duke,—A most worthy, honest man, and one of the greatest geniuses for musical compositions England ever produced, is now in London, and has got two or three members of parliament along with him out of Devonshire, to make application for one of the receivers of the land-tax of that county, now resigned by a very old man, one Mr. Haddy. His name is William Jackson; lives at Exeter; and for his plainness, truth, and ingenuity, at the same time, is beloved as no man ever was. Your grace has doubtless heard his compositions; but he is no fiddler, your grace may take my word for it. He is extremely clever and good,

is a married man with a young family, and is qualified over and over for the place; has got friends of fortune who will be bound for him in any sum; and they are all making application to His Grace the Duke of Grafton to get him the place. But, my Lord Duke, I told him they could not do it without me; that I must write to your grace about it. He is at Mr. Arnold's, in Norfolk Street, in the Strand; and if your grace would be pleased to think of it, I should be ever bound to pray for your grace. Your grace knows that I am an *original*, and therefore, I hope, will be the more ready to pardon this monstrous freedom from your grace's, etc., THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH."

MRS. SIDDONS'S NOSE.

Mrs. Siddons sat for her portrait to Mr. Scott, of North Britain, who observed, the nose gave him great trouble. "Ah!" said the great actress, "Gainsborough was a good deal troubled the same way. He had altered and varied the shape a long while, when at last he threw down the pencil, exclaiming, 'D—n the nose! there is no end to it'" The pun was applicable, as that lady had a long nose.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

A neighbour, having his garden robbed on several occasions, could never hit upon the thief. It happened one morning early, the painter, then a mere boy, walked in the garden sketching, when he observed a man pop his head over the garden wall. Being unobserved, the young artist had sufficient time to sketch the robber's head, and from its accuracy, on showing it to a neighbour, the fellow was immediately recognised as living in the neighbourhood, and was accordingly apprehended.

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR.

The painter gave all the hours of intermission in his profession to fiddles and rebecs. His musical taste was very great; and he himself thought he was *not intended by nature for a painter, but for a musician.* Happening to see a theorbo in a picture of Vandyke's, he concluded it must be a fine instrument. He recollected to have heard of a German professor; and, ascending to his garret, found him dining on roasted apples, and smoking his pipe, with his theorbo beside him. "I am come to buy your lute—name your price, and here's your money." "I cannot sell my lute." "No, not for a guinea or two;—but you must sell it, I tell you." "My lute is worth much money—it is worth ten guineas." "Aye, that it is!—see, here's the money." So saying, he took up the instrument, laid down the price, went half-way downstairs, and returned. "I have done but half my errand; what is your lute worth if I have not your book?" "What book, Master Gainsborough?" "Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute." "Ah, sir, I can never part with my book!" "Pooh! you can make another at any time—this is the book I mean—there's ten guineas for it; so, once more, good day." He went down a few steps, and returned again. "What use is your book to me if I don't understand it?—and your lute—you may take it again if you won't teach me to play on it. Come home with me, and give me the first lesson." "I will come to-morrow." "You must come now." "I must dress myself." "For what? You are the best figure I have seen to-day." "I must shave, sir." "I honour your beard." "I must, however, put on my wig." "D—n your wig! Your cap and beard become you! Do you think if Vandyke was to paint you, he'd let you be shaved?"

THE ARTIST'S RETORT TO THE LAWYER.

Having to attend as a witness in an action brought by Desenfans against Vandergucht, both devotees to art, the painter was asked by the cross-examining counsel whether he did not think there was something necessary besides the eye to regulate an artist's opinion respecting a picture? "I believe," replied Gainsborough, "the veracity and integrity of a *painter's eye* is at least equal to a *pleader's tongue.*"

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GORDON (SIR JOHN WATSON), R.A.

SIR J. W. GORDON was born in Edinburgh in 1788. He was intended by his father, Captain Watson, for the Engineers, but pending arrangements for his entering that service he was allowed to attend the Trustees' Academy, under Graham, where he showed so much promise, that it was decided he should try his skill as an artist. In 1808 he sent a picture of a subject from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" to the first public exhibition of paintings in Edinburgh, which was opened in that year; and contributed to most of the exhibitions held since. Never having studied or been abroad, he received his education in the art from the celebrated Graham, master of Wilkie, Allan, and others. In 1826, he assumed the name of Gordon for the purpose, it is said, of distinguishing his paintings from the other Watsons, who contributed at that time to the Edinburgh Exhibition. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1827, and was elected Associate in 1841. In 1850, he was unanimously chosen President of the Royal Scottish Academy, appointed Limner to Her Majesty, and received the honour of knight-

hood. The next year he was elected a Royal Academician. His industry at his art was continued till within a few weeks of his death, on 1st June, 1864, aged seventy-six years.

LORD PALMERSTON AND THE ARTIST.

"It was before I had a name," said Mr. Gordon, looking round the room in true story-teller style. "I had exhibited for several years, but without any particular success. One year, however—the year before I painted 'The Corsicans'—Lord Palmerston took a sudden fancy to my picture, called 'Summer in the Lowlands,' and bought it at a high figure. His lordship at the same time made inquiries after the artist, and invited me to call upon him. I waited upon his lordship accordingly: he complimented me upon the picture; but there was one thing about it he could not understand. 'What is that, my lord?' I asked. 'That there should be such long grass in a field where there are so many sheep,' said his lordship promptly, and with a merry twinkle of the eye. It was a decided hit this; and having bought the picture and paid for it, he was entitled to his joke. 'How do you account for it?' he went on, smiling, and looking first at the picture and then at me. 'Those sheep, my lord,' I replied, 'were only turned into that field the night before I finished the picture.' His lordship laughed heartily, and said, 'Bravo!' at my reply, and gave me a commission for two more pictures; and I have cashed since then some very notable cheques of his—dear old boy!"—*Belgravia Magazine.*

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HARLOWE (GEORGE HENRY).

HARLOWE, the painter, was born in the parish of St. James's, Westminster, in 1787. He was a posthumous child, but his mother took great care of his education, and allowed him to follow the bent of his inclination for the arts, which he studied, first under Drummond, and next under Sir Thomas Lawrence. He was dismissed by Sir Thomas in consequence of claiming as his own a picture Sir Thomas employed him to dead colour. He revenged himself by painting a caricature of Lawrence's style on a signboard at Epsom, and signed it, "T. L., Greek St., Soho." On leaving Sir Thomas's employ, Harlowe made arrangements and started for Italy. Previous, however, to his going abroad, he painted some historical pictures of great merit, particularly one of Henry VIII., Queen Catherine, and Cardinal Wolsey. During his residence at Rome in 1818, he made a copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration," and executed a composition of his own, which was exhibited by Canova, and afterwards at the academy of St. Luke's. He died soon after his return to England, January 28, 1819.

TAKING A LIKENESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Harlowe was very eccentric, and not a little affected. He used to go to dinner parties in the dress of a field-officer, and he was always ambitious of being taken for a military man. John Kemble disliked the man and his affectations so much, that he refused, even at the request of Sir Thomas Lawrence, to sit to Harlowe, giving as his only reason—"I do not like that man." Harlowe was engaged at this time on his celebrated picture of Queen Catherine, and finding the grave actor persisted in his refusal to sit, he went to the theatre when Kemble played Wolsey, and seating himself in

front of the stage-box, made sketches of his face in every change of its expression, and from them composed the likeness in the picture, which, it is needless to say, is the best portrait of Kemble ever painted. Harlowe used afterwards to say, in speaking of this, "By G—, I painted that portrait so well out of revenge."

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HAYDON (BENJAMIN ROBERT).

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON was born on the 25th January, 1786. In common with most true artists, young Haydon early displayed an overpowering love for art. One of his most favourite studies is said to have been drawing the guillotine, with Louis taking leave of the people. At the age of thirteen he was taken to the grammar school at Plympton—the same at which Sir Joshua Reynolds was educated. From thence he was sent to Exeter, to study book-keeping, and at the end of six months was bound to his father for seven years. Within a short time of his signing his indentures, it was evident to both his father and his friends that young Haydon would never do as a tradesman. After much dissuasion, and against all remonstrance, Haydon collected his books and colours, packed up his things, and started for London, in May, 1804. He took lodgings at 342, Strand, and for nine months he saw nothing but his books, his casts, and his drawings. He was introduced by Prince Hoare to Northcote, Opie, and Fuseli; and it was the latter who got the young artist into the Academy. While studying at the Academy he became acquainted with

Sachom and Wilkie. In 1807, Haydon's first picture of "Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt," appeared. About this time his devotion to his art was very close. He rose as soon as he woke—be it three, four, or five,—when he would draw at anatomy until eight; in chalk from nine till one, and from half-past one till five; then walked, dined, and to anatomy again from seven to ten and eleven. Wilkie had obtained for the young artist a commission from Lord Mulgrave for "Dentatus." Having delayed the painting some months, Haydon in 1808 removed his lodgings to 41, Great Marlborough Street, when he began the noble lord's commission in earnest. In this year he first saw the Elgin marbles, and he thus expresses his admiration of them: "I felt the future; I foretold that they would prove themselves the finest things on earth—that they would overturn the false *beau ideal*, where nature was nothing, and would establish the true *beau ideal*, of which nature alone is the basis. I felt as if a divine truth had blazed inwardly upon my mind, and I knew they would at last rouse the art of Europe from its slumber in the darkness." His "Dentatus" brought him a prize of one hundred guineas from the British Institution. His next picture, "Macbeth," he was not so successful with, and did not get the prize that the painter had expected: to make things worse, he relieved himself by quarrelling with the Academy and painting "Solomon." He then began that system of getting into debt, which was the curse of his whole after-life. His usual companions were Hazlitt, the Hunts, Barnes (of the *Times*), Jackson, Charles Lamb, and John Scott. His "Solomon" was so far a success, that it was sold for six hundred guineas. Also the British Institution voted one hundred guineas to him as a mark of their admiration of this picture. In 1820 he finished his celebrated picture "Entry of Christ into Jerusalem." By ex-

hibiting this picture in town, Haydon made a clear profit of £1298. He then set to work to finish his picture "Christ in the Garden," and to sketch his "Lazarus:" the latter he determined should be his grandest and largest work. Having recently married, he wrote on the last day of 1821 as follows: "I don't know how it is, but I get less reflective as I get older. I seem to take things as they come, without much care. In early life everything, being new, excites thought. As nothing is new when a man is thirty-five, one thinks less. Or, perhaps, being married to my dearest Mary, and having no longer anything to hope in love, I get more contented with my lot, which, God knows, is rapturous beyond imagination. Here I sit sketching, with the loveliest face before me, smiling and laughing, and solitude is not. Marriage has increased my happiness beyond expression. In the intervals of study, a few minutes' conversation with a creature one loves is the greatest of all reliefs. God bless us both! My pecuniary difficulties are still great; but my love is intense, my ambition intense, and my hope in God's protection cheering." But the remainder of the painter's life—25 years—was one dark cloud, here and there relieved by momentary rays of sunshine. Always in debt; always in danger; always pestered by lawyers and arrests. It has been with truth observed, that upon one half of Haydon's income, many a better man than he had lived. In 1835 we find him lecturing at Mechanics' Institutions in the provinces, which for a time was a pecuniary success. But he was too deeply involved in the expensive fashions and gaieties of May Fair; and again we find him in the King's Bench. Three more years of fearful struggle brought him to the fearful tragedy which shocked the country on the 22nd of June, 1846. Having returned from an early walk, Haydon entered his painting-room, and wrote in his diary:

"God forgive me! Amen.
Finis
of
B. R. HAYDON.

'Stretch me no longer on the rough world.'—*Lear.*

End of twenty-sixth volume."

"Before eleven," says Tom Taylor, "the hand that wrote it was stiff and cold in self-inflicted death."

INTRODUCTION TO FUSELI.

"Calling at Fuseli's house," says Haydon, "the door was opened by the maid. I followed her into a gallery or show-room, enough to frighten anybody at twilight. Galvanized devils; malicious witches, brewing their incantations; Satan bridging Chaos, and springing upwards, like a pyramid of fire; Lady Macbeth, Carlo and Francisco, Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly—humour, pathos, terror, blood and murder, met one at every look. I expected the floor to give way: I fancied Fuseli himself to be a giant. I heard his footsteps, and saw a little bony hand slide round the edge of the door, followed by a little white-headed, lean-faced man, in an old flannel dressing-gown, tied round the waist with a piece of rope, and upon his head the bottom of Mrs. Fuseli's work-basket. 'Well, well,' thought I, 'I am a match for you at any rate, if bewitching is tried;' but all apprehension vanished, on his saying in the mildest and kindest way, 'Well, Mr. Haydon, I have heard a great deal of you from Mr. Hoare. Where are your drawings?' In a fright, I gave him the wrong book, with a sketch of some men pushing a cask into a grocer's shop. Fuseli smiled, and said, 'Well, de fellow does his business at least with energy!' I was gratified at his being pleased in spite of

my mistake. . . . He (Fuseli) was about five feet five inches in height, had a compact little form, stood firmly at his easel, painted with his left hand, never held his palette upon his thumb, but kept it upon his stone, and being very near-sighted, and too vain to wear glasses, used to dab his beastly brush into the oil, and sweeping round the palette in the dark, take up a great lump of white, red, or blue, as it might be, and plaster it over a shoulder or a face. Sometimes in his blindness he would make a hideous smear of Prussian blue on his flesh, and then perhaps, discovering his mistake, take a bit of red to darken it; and then, prying close in, turn round and say, 'Ah, dat is a fine purple! It is really like Correggio;' and then, all of a sudden, he would burst out with a quotation from Homer, Tasso, Dante, Ovid, Virgil, or perhaps the Niebelungen Lied, and thunder round with 'Paint dat!' . . . I found him," continues Haydon, "the most grotesque mixture of literature, art, scepticism, indelicacy, profanity and kindness: he put me in mind of Archiman, in Spenser. Weak minds he destroyed. They mistook his wit for reason, his indelicacy for breeding, his swearing for manliness, and his infidelity for strength of mind; but he was accomplished in elegant literature, and had the art of inspiring young minds with high and grand views."

LONDON SMOKE.

Haydon observed to Fuseli: "So far from the smoke of London being offensive to me, it has always been to my imagination the sublime canopy that shrouds the city of the world. Drifted by the wind, or hanging in gloomy grandeur over the vastness of our Babylon, the sight of it always filled my mind with feelings of energy, such as no other spectacle could inspire." "Be Gode," added Fuseli,

"it 's like the smoke of the Israelites making bricks." "It is grander," rejoined the other; "for it is the smoke of a people who would have made the Egyptians make bricks for them."

HAYDON'S DESCRIPTION OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF PAINTERS.

"Never were four men so essentially different as West, Fuseli, Flaxman, and Stothard. Fuseli's was undoubtedly the mind of the largest range; West was an eminent *macchinista* of the second rank; Flaxman and Stothard were purer designers than either. Barry and Reynolds were before my time; but Johnson said, in Barry's 'Adelphi' 'there was a grasp of mind you found nowhere else,' which was true. Though Fuseli had more imagination and conception than Reynolds, though West put things together quicker than either, though Flaxman and Stothard did what Reynolds could not do, and Hogarth invented a style never thought of before in the world, yet, as a great and practical artist, in which all the others were greatly defective, producing occasional fancy pictures of great beauty, and occasional desperate struggles in high art, with great faults, Reynolds is unquestionably the greatest artist of the British School, and the greatest artist in Europe since Rembrandt and Velasquez."

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HAYMAN (FRANCIS), R.A.

FRANCIS HAYMAN was born in Exeter in the year 1708. He studied under Mr. Robert Brown, portrait painter. He has been described as meriting the honour of

being placed at the head of the English School of Historical Painters. By his agreeable manners he became intimate with the *bon vivants* of the age in which he lived. Being introduced to Fleetwood, the then manager of Drury Lane, he painted his scenes, and after the manager's death married his widow. In Pasquin's "Royal Academicians," we have the following remarks upon this painter, "In the great point of professional taste, Hayman could not be arranged as exemplary. Yet I have many doubts if taste is in any instance wholly intuitive; and am inclined to think that we acquire taste by the progressive movements of early perception, which, by frequent subtle inroads upon the mind, make, in the issue, an establishment, and give a system and a hue to thought. We may discover original genius in a savage, but never any symptom of that correct association of idea and action which constitute that practical excellence which we denominate taste." Hayman died February 2nd, 1776.

GLUTTONY.

Hayman was noted for his eating. When an apprentice, he and his fellow apprentices (some of whose appetites were but little inferior) used to dine at a public-house in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House. Instead of declining to treat with them, the shrewd landlord used to observe, "I should be absolutely ruined by those young painters, but for one circumstance, which is, that their extraordinary appetites have become objects of great celebrity and curiosity in this quarter of the City, where we are such judges of those things: the consequence of which is that every day we have a gormandizing exhibition, and my house is full of spectators to see the Great Eaters: the company then retire to my other rooms to talk the matter over; conversation

produces thirst; and therefore I make up by the sale of my liquor for my loss by the devastation of my edibles. Long life to the painters, I say! May their appetites increase with the diminution of what they feed on!"

MARQUIS OF GRANBY AND THE NOBLE ART.

Being of a lively temper and attached to boxing, the painter frequently recommended the "noble art" to his sitters, in order to give a vivacity to the features. While painting the picture of the celebrated Marquis of Granby, also an admirer of the stimulating exercise with the gloves, the invitation was given and accepted for a few rounds, and at it they went. The contest soon grew warm, and the uproar soon attracted all the inmates of the house, who, much alarmed, rushed into the room, and beheld the pugilistic peer and painter rolling about and mauling each other like enraged bears. Pictures, palettes, the easel, and the other furniture of an artist's room, were scattered in dire confusion. A few minutes sufficed to smooth their ruffled feathers, and replace the furniture; after which the marquis took his place in high spirits, and Hayman gave the finishing touch to the picture.

THE PAINTER'S FRIENDSHIP FOR QUIN.

In 1755, Hayman etched a small quarto plate of Quin, the actor, in the character of *Falstaff*, seated on a drum in a swaggering attitude, with his right elbow resting upon the hilt of his sword, by the side of the body of *Hotspur*. Quin and Hayman were inseparable friends, and so convivial that they seldom parted till daylight. One night, after "beating the rounds," and making themselves gloriously drunk, they attempted, arm in arm, to cross a kennel, into which they both fell. When they had remained there a

minute or two, Hayman, sprawling out his shambling legs, kicked Quin. "Holloa! what are you at now?" stuttered Quin. "At? why, endeavouring to get up, to be sure," replied the painter; "for this don't suit my palate." "Pooh!" replied Quin, "remain where you are; the watchman will come by shortly, and he will take us both up."

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HOGARTH (WILLIAM).

WILLIAM HOGARTH, who has been called "The Painting Moralist," was born in London, in 1697. His father was a fine scholar, and his chief dependence was from the produce of his pen; and the son testifies to "the cruel treatment his father met with from booksellers and printers." In his anecdotes of himself, he says: "Besides the natural turn I had for drawing, rather than learning languages, I had before my eyes the precarious situation of men of classical education. . . . It was, therefore, conformable to my own wishes that I was taken from school, and served a long apprenticeship to a silver-plate engraver." It was during his apprenticeship, about the year 1717, he executed a small oval illustration of Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, which was much praised, and brought the young artist many admirers. The following year, his apprenticeship having expired, he entered the Academy in St. Martin's Lane, and studied drawing from the life. He supported himself by engraving for the booksellers, and by all accounts a very hard time he had of it. In 1721, his father died "of an illness," the son says, "occasioned partly by the treatment he received from this sort of people (booksellers), and partly by disappointment from great men's promises." And in

another place he complains, "But here, again, I had to encounter a monopoly of printsellers, equally mean and obstructive to the ingenious; for the first plate I published, called the *Taste of the Town*, in which the reigning follies were lashed, had no sooner begun to take a run, than I found copies of it in the print-shops, vending at half-price; and I was thus obliged to sell the plate for whatever these pirates pleased to give me, as there was no place of sale but at their shops." And thus, until nearly thirty years of age, this great genius earned hardly enough to maintain himself. It was in the year 1723 that the artist first turned his attention to the stage, and discovered his real genius in his satirical talents. After one or two caricatures his genius was quickly recognised, and his adverse circumstances were at an end. In 1726 he invented and engraved the set of twelve large prints for *Hudibras*. He married, in 1729, the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, the painter, though without Sir James's consent; but, after two years, seeing the rising reputation of the young painter, and at the earnest entreaties of others, the offended parent forgave the couple. Being reconciled with Sir James, Hogarth took up his brush and began portrait painting. About this time he says of himself: "I married and commenced painter of small conversation-pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches high. This, having novelty, succeeded for a few years. But though it gave somewhat more scope for the fancy, it was still but a less kind of drudgery; and as I could not bring myself to act like some of my brethren, and make it a sort of manufactory, to be carried on by the help of backgrounds and drapery painters, it was not sufficiently profitable to pay the expenses my family required. I therefore turned my thoughts to a still more novel mode—to painting and engraving modern moral subjects—a field not broken up in any country or any

age." His first painting is said to have been a representation of Wanstead Assembly, painted for Lord Castlemaine; which, meeting with much favourable notice, led him to painting portraits. This part of the profession was not at all suited to the artist's peculiar genius; though Nichols says of Hogarth's attempts: "He was not, however, lucky in all his resemblances, and has sometimes failed where a crowd of other artists have succeeded." After surprising the country with the production of his great genius as an artist for many years, in 1753 he appeared in the character of author, and published a quarto volume entitled, "The Analysis of Beauty, written with a view of fixing the fluctuating Ideas of Taste." Wherein he shows, by a variety of examples, that a curve is the line of beauty, and round swelling figures are most pleasing to the eye. Walpole, commenting upon this production from the pen of the artist, observes: "It has many sensible hints and observations; but it did not carry the conviction, nor meet the universal acquiescence he expected. As he treated his contemporaries with scorn, they triumphed over this publication, and irritated him to expose him. Many wretched burlesque prints came out to ridicule his system. There was a better answer to it in one of the two prints that he gave to illustrate his hypothesis. In the ball, had he confined himself to such outlines as compose awkwardness and deformity, he would have proved half his affection; but he has added two samples of grace in a young lord and lady, that are strikingly stiff and affected. They are a Bath beau and a country beauty." It should be added that neither as artist nor author did Hogarth ever receive flattery from the pen of the courtly Walpole. Hogarth died on the 25th October, 1764.

WILKES AND CHURCHILL.

In Mr. Thomas Wright's work, "England under the House of Hanover," that writer thus describes the caricature drawn upon the artist by his quarrel with Wilkes and Churchill:—

"They hold him up now as the pensioned dauber of the unpopular Lord Bute, and the calumniator of the friends of liberty. In one entitled, 'The Beautifyer: a Touch upon the Times,' Hogarth is represented upon a huge platform, daubing an immense *boot* (the constant emblem of the obnoxious minister), while, in his awkwardness he bespatters Pitt and Temple, who happen to be below. This is a parody on Hogarth's own satire on Pope. Beneath the scaffold is a tub full of Auditors, Monitors, etc., labelled 'The Charm: Beautifying Wash.' A print entitled 'The Bruiser Triumphant,' represents Hogarth as an ass, painting the Bruiser, while Wilkes comes behind, and places horns on his head,—an allusion to some scandalous intimations in the *North Briton.* Churchill, in the garb of a parson, is writing Hogarth's life. Anumber of other attributes and allusions fill the picture.

"A caricature entitled 'Tit for Tat' represents Hogarth painting Wilkes, with the unfortunate picture of Sigismunda in the distance. Another, 'Tit for Tat, Invt. et del. by G. O'Garth,—according to act or order is not material,' represents the painter partly clad in Scotch garb, with the line of beauty on his palette, glorifying a boot surmounted by a thistle. The painter is saying to himself, 'Anything for money: I'll gild this Scotch sign, and make it look glorious; and I'll daub the other sign, and efface its beauty, and make it as black as a Jack Boot.' On another easel is a portrait of Wilkes, 'Defaced by order of O'Garth,' and in the foreground 'a smutch-pot to sully the best and most exalted

characters.' In another print, 'Pug, the snarling cur,' is being severely chastised by Wilkes and Churchill. In another he is baited by the bear and dog; and in the background is a large panel, with the inscription, 'Panel-painting.' In one print, Hogarth is represented going for his pension of £300 a year, and carrying as his vouchers the prints of 'The Times,' and Wilkes, 'I can paint an angel black, and the devil white, just as it suits me.' 'An answer to the print of John Wilkes, Esq.,' represents Hogarth with his colour-pot, inscribed 'Colour to blacken fair characters;' he is treading on the cap of liberty with his cloven foot; and an inscription says, '£300 per annum for distorting features.'

"Several other prints equally bitter against him, besides a number of caricatures against the Government, under the fictitious names of O'Garth, Hoggart, Hog-ass, etc., must have assisted in irritating the persecuted painter."

GARRICK'S GENEROSITY.

The following anecdote of the mode by which the great actor became possessed of some of Hogarth's celebrated pictures has been vouched as genuine: the pictures consisted of *The Entertainment*, *The Canvass*, *The Poll*, and *The Chairing*. "When Hogarth had finished them, he went to Garrick, with whom he was on very intimate terms, and told him he had completed them; adding, 'It does not appear likely that I shall find a purchaser, as I value them at two hundred guineas; I therefore intend to dispose of them by a raffle among my friends, and I hope you will put down your name.' Garrick told him he would consider of it, and call on him the next day. He accordingly did so, and having conversed with Hogarth for some time, put down his name for five or ten guineas, and took his leave. He had

scarcely got into the street, when (as Mrs. Garrick, from whom the story is derived, stated) he began a soliloquy to the following effect: 'What have I been doing? I have just put down my name for a few guineas at Mr. Hogarth's request, and as his friend; but now he must still go to another friend, and then to another: to how many must he still apply before he gets a sufficient number? This is mere begging; and should such a man as Hogarth be suffered to beg? Am I not his friend?' The result was, that he instantly turned back, and purchased those fine pictures at the price of 200 guineas, which the artist himself had fixed." Hogarth's principal object in painting them, like his other great works, was for the purpose of copying them by engravings. They were published by subscription at two guineas the set. For the first plate of *The Entertainment* he had 461 subscribers at 10*s.* 6*d.*; and for the three others only 165 subscribers; so that there were 296 names to the first who did not subscribe to the other three.

CARICATURE.

On a lady expressing a wish to Hogarth to learn the secret of caricature, he replied, with much earnestness, "Alas! young lady, it is not a faculty to be envied. Take my advice and never draw caricature: by the long practice of it I have lost the enjoyment of beauty. I never see a face but distorted; I never have the satisfaction to behold the human face divine."

WILKES.

Writing to his friend Churchill, Wilkes says: "I take it for granted you have seen Hogarth's print against me. Was ever anything so contemptible? I think he is fairly *felo de se.* I think not to let him off in that manner, although I

might safely leave him to your notes. He has broken into my pale of private life, and set that example of illiberality which I wished—of that kind of attack which is ungenerous in the first instance, but justice in the return."

HOGARTH'S CONCEIT.

At a dinner party Hogarth was told that Mr. John Freke had asserted that Dr. Maurice Greene was as eminent in musical composition as Handel. "That fellow Freke," said Hogarth, "is always shooting his bolt absurdly, one way or another. Handel is a giant in music; Greene only a light Florimel kind of composer." "Aye," rejoined the other, "but at the same time Mr. Freke declared you were as good a portrait painter as Vandyke." "*There* he was right," replied the artist; "and so, by G—, I am,—give me my time, and let me choose my subject."

AN UGLY SITTER.

It happened, in the early part of Hogarth's life, that a nobleman, who was uncommonly ugly and deformed, came to sit to him for his picture. It was executed with a skill that did honour to the artist's abilities; but the likeness was rigidly observed, without even the necessary attention to compliment or flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear self, never once thought of paying for a reflector that would only insult him with his deformities. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist applied for his money; but afterwards many applications were made by him (who had then no need of a banker) for payment, without success. The painter, however, at last hit upon an expedient, which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride, and by that means answer his purpose. He sent him the following card :—

"Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord —— ; finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. H.'s necessity for the money; if, therefore, his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail, and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild-beast man ; Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition picture, on his lordship's refusal."

This intimation had the desired effect. It was sent home and committed to the flames.

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HOPPNER (JOHN), R.A.

JOHN HOPPNER was born in London, in the year 1759. In the earlier part of his life, it was his good fortune to associate with some of the most brilliant characters of the age. He applied himself closely to the study of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was, in many points, successful in imitating that celebrated portrait-painter's beauties. On his first using the brush, he is described as possessing much confidence, with little ability.

Edward Dayes, in his "Modern Artists," in estimating the works of Hoppner, says :—

"This artist is the best of all the imitators of Sir Joshua, and would deserve great praise, were his pictures his own ; but so far is that from being the case, that they are composed from the prints of Reynolds; and the attitudes of the sitters made to answer as well as circumstances will permit. It is truly astonishing that any one can lose sight of the charms of that great mistress of the art, Nature, and tread servilely

in the footsteps of any man, however exalted his rank. The loss of ambition is a sure sign of the decline of the arts; as, where every one is content to follow, no one will get before. When a great man appears, weak minds are apt to seek for the rules of art in his works, instead of applying to Nature: this is precisely the case of this artist; he has not a wish, or an inquiry to make, that does not end in Reynolds,—forgetting the old proverb, that when two men ride on a horse, one must be behind. His colouring is clear and bright, his handling free; his small pictures are by far the best."

Hoppner died in Charles Street, St. James's Square, on the 23rd January, 1810.

AN ECCENTRIC CUSTOMER.

The following humorous anecdote is given in the *Literary Gazette*, 1826, as related by Hoppner, to his friend Coombe: A loyal banker dropped in upon the painter, to *negociate* for a family picture. It happened in the memorable epoch of "*life and property men*," when London was to be thatched with silver, and paved with gold. "Well, sir, your most obedient, Mister Painter," said the squire banker, looking around. "Sir, yours," returned the painter, bowing low. The banker was a fine, portly, pompous-looking citizen, a good subject to his Majesty, and no bad subject as a sitter, though it happened that he sat not. "Well, Mister Painter, sir, you have some fine pieces here, sir. Pray sir, a—what may be the value of that?" pointing to a whole length of an admiral. "My price for that is two hundred guineas." "So!" ejaculated the banker; "a fine, noble-looking fellow, 'pon my word—very heroical indeed! Ah! Mister Painter, they are our great *wooden walls*, our prime *bull-works*. This is the land for such seamen—old England, hey, sir! and those

who don't like it, why let 'em leave it: that's my toast, sir. But to the point, sir: my business is to negociate, look you, for a large family piece,—myself, my wife, and my boys and girls; a fine family, as you shall see, sir,—the same number as his Majesty's, God bless him! Now, what is your charge for such a collection?—*group*, I think you painters call it." "I cannot exactly answer that, within five hundred pounds or so," replied the painter. "Wheugh-h-h!" whistled the banker. "What, sir, five hundred pounds?" "Such a subject requires study, sir, great studying—as how——" "Pooh! pooh! study, Mister Painter? true, sir, but you have not studied *Cocker*, sir, hey? ha, ha, ha!" "Why, sir, such a work requires consideration. I should like first to be allowed to see your family, sir—and then—how to dispose of so many persons—how to employ them, and—and—" "Oh, my good sir, I'll save you that trouble; that is already settled, my good sir:—we are to be painted on our lawn, with a harpsichord, and all singing *God save the King*."

THE ALDERMAN'S LADY.

From a volume of the *Literary Gazette*, 1826, we extract the following: "There are faces," Hoppner observed, "without features, and features without faces." An alderman's lady says, "La! Mr. Hoppner, Sir John looks too grave." "Why, madam, 'tis the only way to make a sitter escape looking like a fool." "But why not make Sir John smile?" "A *smile* in painting is a *grin*, and a *grin* is a *growl*, and a growl is a bite—and I'll not alter it," said the half-mad, irritable painter; "and if ever I paint another subject, short of a Lord Mayor, I'll be d—d!"

A COOL SITTER.

Hoppner was commissioned to paint a certain pompous

personage, one of the cabinet of the king. The great man could not condescend to attend any painter; so it was to be taken at the great man's house. It was to be a *whole length.* "Well, sir," quoth the Right Honourable, as Mr. H. made his bow, "I have no time, *sar*, to give to your art, a—unless you can take a scheme of me at my breakfast." The repast was already laid,—a steaming urn, coffee-pot, toast, rolls, muffins, chickens, and ham. The limner spread his arcana, and commenced to paint, as the great man commenced his *déjeûné* by supplying his appetite with half a muffin, and a cut from the wing of a pullet, together with a slice of ham. This accomplished, and sipping his tea, without condescending to notice the artist, he seized the newspaper, took his reading-glass from his bosom, began dictating to his private secretary, gave orders to his cook for dinner, dictated again, sipped his tea; and with the cup hiding his chin, and the newspaper his cheek, pompously exclaimed, "I desire, Master Hoppner, that you proceed." "I am going," replied the indignant artist, who, stalking out of the room, left the great man all astounded at the haughty demeanour of a portrait painter.

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IBBETSON (JULIUS CÆSAR).

JULIUS CÆSAR IBBETSON was born at Scarborough, in Yorkshire, in 1759; was apprenticed to a ship painter at Hull, and at an early age came to London, and practised his art. He painted landscapes, cattle, and some historical pieces. Benjamin West appropriately called him the Berghem of England; yet, like many other men of great ability, his genius was no match for poverty. Mr.

Redgrave, in "A Century of Painters of the English School," says: "He was one of the jolly companions of George Morland: like him he lived from hand to mouth; was employed by an inferior class of picture dealers, and made them his pot companions." He published a whimsical book entitled "Humbugalogia," in which he fully exposed the ignorance and tricks of professed picture dealers. Among other rather coarse, but very forcible, illustrations which it contained, was one to the following effect: "These people say they have a great love for the fine arts. Yes; just such a love as a butcher has for a fat ox." After quitting London, this clever artist resided for some years in the lake districts of Westmoreland, which he left to settle at Masham. In 1817, whilst engaged in painting a favourite hunter of Lady Milbank's, he took cold, which settled on his lungs, and terminated his existence on the 13th October, 1817.

THE TOPER'S REPLY.

According to "Notes and Queries" (vol. viii. N.S., p. 96), there is a local tradition that whilst Ibbetson was residing at Ambleside, he used often to ramble as far as the picturesque valley of Troutbeck, which is about four miles from Ambleside, to indulge in the double enjoyment of the sweet scenery around, and the "home brewed" within the humble ale-house there; and that, in commendation of the latter, he painted a sign with two faces, each "looking the character" admirably: the one being that of a stout, jolly-faced toper with rubicund nose, and the other that of a thin, white-faced, lantern-jawed teetotaler; and with labels from their mouths thus inscribed:—

"Thou mortal man, who liv'st by bread,
What is it makes thy nose so red?"

And,

> "Thou silly oaf, with nose so pale,
> It is with drinking Birket's ale."

The painting has been supplanted by its title in plain letters, "The Mortal Man," but the old people say they still remember the sign, and that it is now preserved in Carlisle.

THE RECOGNITION.

Ibbetson's abilities attracted the notice of M. de Loutherbourg, who introduced him to Mons. Desenfans, of pictorial memory. An invitation to breakfast placed Ibbetson and Loutherbourg in Mons. Desenfans' parlour, the walls of which were covered with *chefs d'œuvre* of art; and the judgment of the young painter was tried on the merits of the several masters. When coming to one which seemed to attract Ibbetson's particular regard, Mons. Desenfans observed: "That, Mr. Ibbetson, is a very beautiful example of David Teniers." There was a pause, Mons. Desenfans requested Ibbetson's opinion; whose answer, after another pause, was: "That picture, sir?—that picture I painted!" Here was confusion worse confounded. The collector had been taken in: his judgment had been committed. The murder, however, was out; marks and circumstances proved the fact beyond doubt. The good-natured Loutherbourg endeavoured to "take up his mangled matter at the best:"—"He had frequently been deceived." Nay, he went further, and told how, in his younger days, he had himself manufactured a few old masters. Whether or not this apology mended the business, we know not; but certain it is that poor Ibbetson was never again asked to breakfast with Mons. Desenfans.

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INMAN (HENRY).

HENRY INMAN was born at Utica, New York, 20th October, 1801. His parents were English. His father removed to the city of New York, in 1812, at which early date Inman's taste for drawing was manifested, and cultivated to a certain extent at the day-school he attended. The arrival of Wertmuller's picture of *Danæ*, about the year 1814, first suggested the art to him as a profession. It was exhibited at Mr. Jarvis's rooms, in Murray Street, and Inman gives the following account of his second visit to it:—

"On a second visit, when I went alone, I saw Mr. Jarvis himself, who came up from his painting room into the apartment in which the *Danæ*, with other works of art, were placed. On observing his entrance, with maulstick in his hand, and palette on his arm, I removed my hat and bowed, presuming that he was the master of the establishment. At that time I regarded an artist with peculiar reverence. Without noticing my salutation, he walked rapidly towards me, and, with his singular look of scrutiny, peered into my face. Suddenly he exclaimed, 'By heavens, the very head for a painter!' He then put some questions to me; invited me below stairs, and permitted me to examine his portfolios. He shortly after called upon my father, and proposed to take me as a pupil. I was at this time preparing for my entrance to the West Point Institution, as a cadet, for which I had already obtained a warrant. My father left the matter to myself, and I gladly accepted Mr. Jarvis's proposal. I accordingly entered upon a seven years' apprenticeship. Notwithstanding his phrenological observations upon my cranium, a circumstance connected with my first effort in oil colours would seem to contradict his favourable inference. Another of his students and

myself were set down before a small tinted landscape, with instructions to copy it. Palettes and brushes were put into our hands, and to work we went. After much anxious looking and laborious daubing, Mr. Jarvis came up to see what progress we had made. After regarding our work for some moments in silence, he astounded us with these words: 'Get up! get up! These are the most infernal attempts I ever saw. Here, Philip! [turning to a mulatto boy, who was grinding paints in another part of the room], take the brushes, and finish what these gentlemen have begun so bravely!' All this took place in the presence of several strangers, who had come to look at the gallery. You can imagine what a shock our self-love received. Such mortifications are the most enduring of all remembrances. Notwithstanding this rebuff, I managed to make other and more successful efforts."

At the expiration of his apprenticeship, he married Miss O'Brien, and began business for himself as a portrait and miniature painter. It is stated that in this latter branch he was very successful, although he afterwards entirely abandoned it. On his removal to Philadelphia he painted a portrait of Mr. Rawle for the members of the bar of that city. At this gentleman's house he saw a copy of Stuart's celebrated portrait of Washington, of which he mentions the following anecdote:—

"Mr. R. informed me, while we were looking at the head of Washington, that on one occasion, when that great man dined at his house, he sat immediately beneath the picture, and that position gave Mr. R. ample opportunity to satisfy himself of the correctness of the resemblance. I was much pleased with this testimony in favour of its truth, as of late years an attempt has been made to impeach the justice of Stuart's representation of Washington."

In the midst of his success, Inman appears to have been discontented with city life; and throughout the journal which he kept, "intended," as he says, "for the reception of miscellaneous notes on passing events," we find interspersed, longings for the green fields. In a letter to a friend, he says: "I have always panted to live in the country, where I can be surrounded by something pleasanter to look upon than the everlasting brick walls of a city; . . . and moreover, I shall then be better enabled to withdraw myself gradually from mere face-making: to practise in the more congenial departments of art—namely, landscape and historical painting."

He suffered much from attacks of asthma, which visited him in the summer or autumn of every year, until his death. In 1841 he was attacked with more violence than he ever experienced before, and he describes his suffering with characteristic cheerfulness. He speaks of the grinding agony he endured as his "bosom fiend," and compares it with the "vulture gnawing into the vitals of Prometheus."

In February, 1842, we find him one of the guests at a dinner given to Mr. Chas. Dickens, at the Astor House; on which occasion Mr. Inman made a speech, from which it will be seen, though so great and so recent a sufferer from his complaint, he still retained his cheerful social qualities. The following is a part of the speech referred to:—

"I would invite your attention, sir, in the first place, to the great value which the arts of design must attach to the peculiar literature of the author we delight to honour in the person of our cherished guest; insomuch as it affords so many admirable themes for pictorial illustration. The great schools of art, of painting in particular, are divided into the classical, the romantic, and the picturesque, the last of which is by far the most popular and most cultivated in

this department of taste. The two first appeal for their sources of interest to associations connected with the history of the remote past; but the latter addresses itself to every feeling that links us to 'the world we live in,' with all its thrilling contrasts of happiness and misery, of vice and virtue.

"Mr. President, I will venture to claim for the writings of Mr. Dickens, in especial manner, this attribute of the picturesque. He has sought and found, in the humble walks of life, those unequalled scenes of pathos, of humour, and of sentiment, which so eminently characterize his productions. Passing by the abodes of wealth, luxury, and rank, where the passions are all concealed beneath the mask of cold convention, he has flashed the light of his genius upon the gloomy haunts of squalid poverty and suffering virtue, the dark dens of reckless guilt and crime, until every salient point of interest is revealed in a thousand glowing objects of contemplation to the student of morals, of human nature, and of art.

"Another quality which enhances the analogy which I have attempted to establish, is to be found in the graphic force of his delineations. For all the purposes of fame, his fictitious personages have already become intense realities. For instance: who does not firmly believe that those charming people, Messrs. Winkle, Tupman, Snodgrass & Co., are at this moment 'Pickwicking' it about London in veritable flesh and blood? Let me ask who that wears a heart does not weep over the memory of poor Nell, as over one we have known and loved in actual life?

"In conclusion, this picturesqueness, this artistic power, will, perhaps, sanction the parallel I have introduced in the toast I now beg leave to offer. I will give you, sir, the 'Boz' gallery of written pictures—may Charles Dickens

long live to add new master-pieces to the imperishable collection!"

On New Year's Day, 1843, the following singular medley of mirth and melancholy is entered in his diary: "Stayed home all day. The zest and cream of life are gone. Two hundred thousand dollars and travelling would revive me—nothing else; ditto fishing." On the 3rd January, he writes: "Fine prospect of starving to death this year. Not a soul comes near me for pictures. Ambition in art is gone. Give me a fortune, and I would fish and shoot for the rest of my life, without touching a brush again."

In 1844 he came to England, when he was engaged to paint the portraits, among others, of Dr. Chalmers and Wordsworth. With respect to his visit to the latter, Inman, in a letter to a friend, says: "Mary and I had a very pleasant time in Westmoreland, I can assure you; fine weather, glorious scenery, and a very kind reception from the great poet. Mr. Wordsworth, who is now a hale old man of 75 years, accompanied me on one or two of my sketching excursions, for which I feel highly honoured, as he is not only a good poet, but a most intelligent and long-headed man in conversation. . . . I heard from Mr. Carey, of Philadelphia, who wishes me to paint for him the portrait of the celebrated writer, the Rt. Hon. Thos. B. Macaulay, M.P., instead of the fancy piece originally ordered. I have heard from the great man, and he, in a very complimentary note, has consented to sit in about five weeks. I shall then come up to London again for this purpose."

Having finished the portrait of Macaulay, he thus writes to a friend:—

"You would have laughed to-day, could you have stood by and heard the courteous battle-royal of words which took place between me and my sitter—the witty, learned, and all

accomplished Mr. Macaulay, M.P. He is fond of taking the other side of the argument, even though 'tis paradoxical. He loves to differ and defend his difference, and he wields a well polished, logical Toledo, I can tell you! He is too well read and too intelligent to entertain many of the absurd opinions respecting our country and its institutions that are so rife in the English newspaper press: but still I find he loves to bring on a discussion of some one or other of those puzzling questions that belong to our side of the water, namely, state-sovereignty, repudiation, slavery, etc. I congratulate myself upon having met in him one of those persons of renown for brilliant writing, whose attainments as poet, scholar, and reviewer, cause him to stand amongst the highest in modern English literature. Will you believe it? *Noodle* as I am, and albeit unused to the controversial mood, I rather flatter myself that 'this child' held his own in the fight! One touch of fence I used (and 'tis a custom I am generally fond of) was never directly to answer a Socratic query, but always to evade it, by begging him to state his position affirmatively. It worked to a charm. However, we had a delightful sitting of it. Only think! I had double duty to perform—namely, *fight* with the *inside* of his head, and *paint* the *outside* of it!"

In his letters from this time to that of his death, which took place in January, 1846, he constantly expresses the greatest anxiety respecting his pecuniary affairs. He found some professional employment, but barely enough to meet his expenses. He died of disease of the heart. He left a wife and five children. His kindness of heart, his intellectual attainments, his social accomplishments, his conversational power, his brilliant imagination, and his technical ability, were eulogized by the newspapers of all classes throughout the country.

JERVAS (CHARLES).

CHARLES JERVAS was born in Ireland, in the year 1675, and studied under Sir Godfrey Kneller. By the generosity of a friend he was enabled to visit France and Italy, where he gave himself up to hard study in his art, and on his return to England his talent was soon recognised, and he became very popular. The line he chose was portrait painting. He also discovered considerable ability in literature. He published a translation of *Don Quixote;* to which translation the celebrated Dr. Warburton added an appendix on the origin of Romances and of Chivalry. Jervas also gave instruction in the art of painting to Pope, with whom he was very intimate, and who has handed him down to posterity in his works. "Jervas was the last best painter Italy had sent us," Pope used to observe. Jervas was also patronized by William and Queen Anne. He died on 3rd November, 1739.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Burnet relates that when Reynolds's sister asked him the reason why we never see any of the portraits of Jervas now, he replied, "Because, my dear, they are all up in the garret." Yet, this man rode in his chariot and four, and received the praises of Pope in verse.

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Jervas, who affected to be a free-thinker, was one day talking very irreverently of the Bible; Dr. Arbuthnot maintained to him that he was not only a speculative but a practical believer. The painter denied it: Arbuthnot said he would prove it. "You strictly observe the second commandment," said the doctor; "for in your pictures you

make not the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

VANITY.

There is a very amusing anecdote of the painter's inordinate vanity, contained in the *Percy Anecdotes.* The artist having succeeded happily in copying a picture of Titian, he looked first at the copy, and then at the original, and then with parental complacency exclaimed, "Poor little Tit! how he would stare!"

LADY BRIDGEWATER.

Being employed to paint the portrait of Lady Bridgewater, one of the greatest beauties of the age, he fell desperately in love with her. So deeply was his imagination smitten with the features of her enchanting face, that he reproduced them in all his portraits; and many a female was most agreeably surprised on discovering her unexpected resemblance to Lady Bridgewater. His love, however, was not so strong as his vanity, which he more than once displayed, even in the presence of his mistress. One day when she was sitting to him, he stopped short, and expatiated on her charms with all the enthusiasm of a lover; "But yet," continued he, "I am forced to acknowledge that you have not a handsome ear." "Have the goodness," replied the lady, "to show me what you call a handsome ear." "Here is one," said Jervas, shoving aside his wig, and showing his own.

THE PAINTER'S GENEROSITY.

Jervas one day entered the shop of Carter, the statuary, in May Fair, and inspected a collection of models, etc. Carter was very industriously employed at the lowest branches of

his profession, such as chiselling tombstones, grave-slabs, etc. After remaining a short time, Jervas commended his industry, and took his leave, apparently much pleased with the models, etc. A few days after Jervas called again, and after a few general observations, asked whether Carter was married, and whether he had any children. Being answered in the affirmative to both questions, he said bluntly, "Do you want any money, Mr. Carter?" "Want money? Lord love me! yes, I believe I do." "Would a hundred pounds be of service to you?" "A hundred pounds! Why it would be the making of me for ever." Jervas thereupon requested him to breakfast with him at his house the following morning. At the hour appointed Jervas received him with much politeness, and while at breakfast said, "Mr. Carter, I have for some time observed you as a young man of considerable talents and unremitting industry, and I am happy that Providence has put it into my power to assist your efforts. Here is the hundred pounds you seemed to think would be of service to you."

HINTS TO POPE ON PAINTING.

There is an anecdote of Pope wishing to study painting, and applying to his friend Jervas for instruction in the art. Jervas readily consented, and having to leave town for a few days, gave the key of his painting-room to the poet, promising on his return to give his candid opinion on what Pope had done, and also suggest to him hints On Jervas's return, after making many general remarks on the Art, Pope interrupted him: "You tell me what I ought to do, but you have not given me your opinion of my picture. I know it's very bad, and it gets worse and worse every day. I am sure it looked a deal better three or four days ago. Tell me the reason of this, and why the paint peels off in some

places." Jervas replied—"Colours change in drying; they get duller; some more, some less. Greens fade a great deal. Asphaltum gets much darker and heavier. Of the rest we should make allowance for these changes; so that the picture should not seem right when first painted, but should sink, fade, or dry to the hues required. The reason it peels off is, you have painted a coat of colour over an under one before it has dried and hardened, and the force of your brush thus rubbed it off. You should go over your colours as little as possible. A painter ought to study the natures of colours —have some knowledge of chemistry—should know what colours are transparent, and how much so—what are opaque, and what dry soon, such as umber; and what won't, such as lake, brown-pink, etc. These last should be mixed with drying oil. All colours made from vegetables, such as lake and brown-pink, are apt to fly: all from metals, such as white lead and verdigris, are apt to change: but all earths, such as ochre, amber, etc., stand well. Clean your palette, when done with, with spirits of turpentine; also your brushes: and try to paint without dirtying yourself with the colours. The knowledge of and attention to a number of trifles, such as these, contributed to give Titian, Rubens, and Rembrandt, so much advantage over those who do not study such things."

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KNELLER (SIR GODFREY).

SIR GODFREY KNELLER was born at Lubeck about 1648. He was intended for the army; but his genius for painting being discovered, he was placed under Bol, at Amsterdam, after which he received instructions from Rembrandt. In 1672 he went to Italy; and while at

Venice, painted the portraits of some families of distinction. From thence he came to England by the way of Hamburgh, and was employed to paint a portrait of Charles II., at the same time with Lely, who candidly bestowed praise upon his performance. This success fixed Kneller at the English court, where he painted seven sovereigns; besides three foreign ones. His principal patron was William III., who conferred on him the honour of knighthood, and engaged him to paint the Hampton Court beauties. His pencil was also employed on several of the pictures of the admirals in that palace, and the Kit-Cat Club. George I. created him a baronet. He was a man of wit, but excessively vain, as appeared in his gift of five hundred pounds to Pope, to write an extravagant epitaph for his monument in Westminster Abbey. He died very rich in 1723.—*Walpole's Anecdotes.*

ROYAL PATRONAGE.

The ten sovereigns whom Kneller painted were the following: Charles II., James II., and his queen, William and Mary, Anne, George I., Louis XIV., the Czar Peter the Great, and the Emperor Charles VI.

DR. RADCLIFFE.

Sir Godfrey, when living next door to the famous Dr. Radcliffe, granted him permission to make a door into the painter's garden, where there was a beautiful variety of flowers. But the physician's servants taking unbecoming liberties on Kneller's premises, he had to complain to their master. After many fruitless remonstrances Sir Godfrey sent his man one day to let the physician know that he should be obliged to brick up the passage; to which the cynic replied, with his accustomed asperity, "Let him do what he

will with the door, except painting it." The servant was at first unwilling to communicate the exact answer, but Kneller insisted on knowing it, and retorted, "Did my good friend say so? Then you go back and tell him that I will take anything from him but his physic."

ORIGIN OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB.

This club is said to have been founded by Jacob Tonson, the bookseller. However this may have been, he was certainly their secretary. He was an active man at all their meetings, and as a testimony of the good disposition of his illustrious friends towards him, they each presented him with their portraits. These were painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. The club is reported to have derived its title from the name of the person at whose house the meetings were first held. This was one Christopher Cat, an obscure pastry-cook, who lived originally in Shire Lane, Temple Bar, but subsequently at the Fountain Tavern, Strand. The standing dish at supper was mutton pies: for the manufacture of which Mr. Cat had acquired considerable reputation. A different etymology of the club's name has been assigned by Arbuthnot. In the following epigram, he seems to refer it to the custom of toasting ladies after dinner, peculiar to those gentlemen:—

"Whence deathless Kit-Cat took its name,
Few critics can unriddle;
Some say from pastry-cook it came,
And some from cat and fiddle.

From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Grey statesman or green wits;
But from its pell-mell pack of toasts,
Of old cats and young kits."

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

Sir Godfrey, who was principally eminent as a portrait-painter, after a long discourse upon the various schools of painting, concluded with, "Painters of history make the dead live, and do not themselves live till they be dead; I paint the living, and they make me live."

CUT AT POPE.

The artist's consciousness of his own skill was so well known that it exposed him frequently to the banter and irony of the wits, his friends. Pope, to pay him off, said to him after looking round a room full of beauties he had painted, "It's a pity, Sir Godfrey, that you had not been consulted at the creation." The artist threw his eyes strong upon Pope's shoulders, and answered, "I should have made some better things."

A COUNTRY SITTER.

A certain country family, whose reason for coming to town was the intention of having their pictures drawn, and principally that of the hopeful heir, brought him to the artist. Seeing that a little converse with the world would soon wear off his awkward rusticity, instead of drawing him in a green coat with spaniels, or in the more contemptible livery of a fop playing with a lapdog, the painter gave him a soul darting with proper spirit through the rusticity of his features. A gentleman met the mother and sisters coming down stairs the day it was finished, and found Sir Godfrey in a violent rage above: "Look there," said he, pointing to a picture, "there is a fellow! I have put some sense into him, and none of his family know him."

VANDYKE AND KNELLER.

There was a period, observed Sir Joshua Reynolds, when

to name Vandyke in competition with Kneller was to incur human contempt. The character of the eighteenth century in England resembled that of the seventeenth in Italy. It was the age of English mediocrity, the reaction of that powerful burst of national genius that was developed by the civil wars and the revolution.

TONSON, THE BOOKSELLER.

Kneller was very covetous, very vain, and a great glutton. Tonson, the bookseller, got many pictures from him, it is related, by playing these passions against the other. He would tell the great painter that he was the greatest master that ever was, and send him every now and then a haunch of venison and a dozen of claret. "Oh!" said Kneller once to Vandergucht, "this old Jacob loves me; he is a very good man: you see he loves me, for he sends me good things, the venison was fat!" Kneller would say to Cock, the auctioneer, "I love you, Mr. Cock, and I will do you good; but you must do something for me too, Mr. Cock; one hand can wash the face, but two hands wash one another."

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LAWRENCE (SIR THOMAS), P.R.A.

THOMAS LAWRENCE was born in the city of Bristol, in May, 1769. He was the youngest of a family of sixteen children, and was remarkable from his infancy for his winning manners. His father took much pains in teaching the child passages from the poets, and at five years old he could repeat any speech in Milton's *Pandemonium*. The child was equally clever with his pencil; observing which, a Derbyshire baronet, struck with the boy's genius, offered to

send him to Rome at an expense of £1000, but his father replied that "his son's talents required no cultivation." At so young an age of five years his drawings of eyes were so good as to make Fuseli remark with enthusiasm: "But, by G—t, he paints eyes better than Titian!" In 1785, young Lawrence received the Society of Arts Medal with five guineas for the most successful copy from the old masters, being a crayon drawing of the "Transfiguration" of Raphael; he also received "the greater silver palette gilt," by special vote of the committee. Having become a student of the Royal Academy at the age of eighteen, he sent in the year 1787 the extraordinary number of seven pictures; in the following year he sent six portraits; thirteen in 1789, and twelve pictures in 1790. At the express desire of His Majesty, Lawrence was admitted an Associate of the Royal Academy, by the suspension of a law against the admission of an Associate under the age of twenty-four. Although supported by Sir Joshua Reynolds, his election was much opposed by several academicians. Shortly before Lawrence's return in 1820 from Rome, where he had been engaged on the great work of painting the Allied Sovereigns, Benjamin West, the President of the Royal Academy, died full of honours. Lawrence was unanimously chosen to succeed him, and the King, in approval of the choice, added a superb gold chain and medal of himself. In addition to the honour of knighthood by the Prince Regent, and admission to the Academy of St. Luke, in Rome, he became, in 1817, a member of the American Academy of the Fine Arts. He was elected by the Academy of Florence, a member of the first class. The Academy of Venice added their election in 1823; that of Bologna followed; and Turin in 1826. He was also elected a member of the Imperial Academy at Vienna, and received the diploma of the Danish Academy; and finally made a

chevalier of the Legion of Honour, in France. He died on the 7th January, 1830.

ROYAL FAVOURS.

Lawrence received many valuable presents from foreign princes and nobles, as marks of admiration of the great painter's genius: the following list was made out by his sister,—

"By the King of France (Charles X.), in the autumn of 1825, he was presented with the Legion of Honour (the medal or jewel of which is in my son John's possession); a magnificent French clock, nearly two feet high; two superb green and gold china jars; and a dessert set of Sèvres porcelain, which Sir Thomas left to the Royal Academy.

"By the Emperor of Russia, a superb diamond ring, of great value.

"By the King of Prussia, a ring, with His Majesty's initials, F. R., in diamonds.

"He likewise received presents from the foreign ministers assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, where he painted all of them; from the Archduchess Charles and Princess Metternich at Vienna; from the Pope, a ring, and the Colosseum in mosaic, with his Holiness' arms over the centre of the frame; from the Cardinal Gonsalvi, besides other presents, a gold watch, chain, and seals of intaglios, and many beautiful bonbonniere boxes of valuable stones set in gold, gold snuff-boxes, etc.; a fine gold snuff-box from Lord Whitworth, many years before.

"From the Dauphin, in 1825, a breakfast-set of porcelain, and a tea-tray painted with the court of Louis XIV.

"By Canova, at Rome, some magnificent casts, valuable engravings, etc."

MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

In a letter to Mr. Angerstein, Lawrence gives his opinion of this celebrated actress's successes in the following terms,—

"We have little stirring in town, one novelty excepted, which enlivens the evenings of this otherwise dull period. Your respect and regard for Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble will make you glad to know that the genius and sense of both are recalled to us by the really fine acting of Miss Fanny Kemble, the daughter of their brother Charles. She is not quite nineteen, yet has so satisfied the judgment of the warmest patrons and ablest critics of the stage, that, in its worst season, she has drawn full houses (and continues to draw them) for upwards of twenty-two nights, three nights in each week, without intermission, to one of Shakespere's finest, but certainly most hackneyed plays, *Romeo and Juliet*, and the boxes are already taken to Wednesday se'nnight.

"Her face is not regularly handsome, but she has a fine and flexible brow, with hair and eyes like Mrs. Siddons in her finest time. In stature she is rather short, but with such admirable courage and invariable grace of action, that on the stage she appears fully of woman's height. Her voice is at once sweet and powerful; and blest with a clear 'Kemble' understanding (for it is peculiar to her family), she has likewise fine literary talent, having written a tragedy of great interest, besides lighter pieces of admirable verse. Her manner in private is characterized by ease, and that modest gravity which I believe must belong to high tragic genius, and which, in Mrs. Siddons, was strictly natural to her; though, from being peculiar in the general gaiety of society, it was often thought assumed.

"I have for many years given up the theatre (not going above once or twice in the year), but this fine genius has

drawn me often to it, and each time to witness improvement and new beauties. If she is not taken from the stage, there is probability that she may remain on it a fine actress for twenty years, and thus have supported the ascendency of one family in the highest department of the drama for upwards of twenty years!"

HOAXING LAWRENCE.

Mr. John Bernard, in his "Retrospections of the Stage," gives the following anecdote of Lawrence's cleverness in sketching likenesses at the early age of nine years:—

"The young artist collected his materials very quickly, and essayed my visage the first. In about ten minutes he produced a faithful delineation in crayon, which for many years I kept as a curiosity. He next attempted Edwin's, who, startled at the boy's ability, resolved (in his usual way) to perplex him. This he did by changing the form of his features—raising his brows, compressing his lips, and widening his mouth. Tom no sooner perceived the change than he started in supreme wonder, attributing it to a defect in his own vision. The first outline was accordingly abandoned, and a second commenced. Tom was now more particular, and watched him narrowly; but Edwin, feature by feature, and muscle by muscle, so completely ran, what might be called the gamut of his countenance (as the various compartments of its harmony), that the boy drew and rubbed it out, till his hand fell by his side, and he stood silently looking in Edwin's face, to discover, if possible, its true expression. Edwin could not long maintain his composure at his scrutiny, and revealed the hoax with a burst of merriment and mimic thunder."

FUSELI'S ENVY.

In Lawrence's great picture of "Satan addressing the Fallen Angels," Fuseli complained that the figure of Satan was his own—that Lawrence had copied some one of his designs. The following account of the matter, however, was given by Lawrence in a conversation with Cunningham, and seems a sufficient explanation :—

"Fuseli, sir, was the most satirical of human beings; he had also the greatest genius for art of any man I ever knew. His mind was so essentially poetic that he was incapable of succeeding in any ordinary object. That figure of Satan, now before you, occasioned the only interruption which our friendship of many years' standing ever experienced. He was, you know, a great admirer of Milton, from whom he had many sketches. When he first saw my Satan, he was nettled, and said, 'You borrowed the idea from me!'—'In truth, I did take the idea from you,' I said; 'but it was from your person, not from your paintings. When we were together at Stackpole Court, in Pembrokeshire, you may remember how you stood on yon high rock which overlooks the bay of Bristol, and gazed down upon the sea, which rolls so magnificently below. You were in raptures; and while you were crying "Grand! Grand! Jesu Christ, how grand! how terrific!" you put yourself in a wild posture. I thought on the devil looking into the abyss, and took a slight sketch of you at the moment: here it is. My Satan's posture now, was yours then.'"

HIS PROFESSIONAL PRACTICE.

Allan Cunningham gives the following description of the habits and practice of the great artist :—

"He rose early, and he worked late; for though no one

excelled more in rapid sketches, he had a true enthusiasm for his art, and would not dismiss hastily anything for which he was to be paid as a picture. He detained his sitters often for three hours at a time; had generally eight or nine of these sittings; and all the while studied their looks anxiously, and seemed to do nothing without care and consideration. His constant practice was to begin by making a drawing of the head, full-size, on canvas, carefully tracing in dimensions and expression. This took up one day; on the next he began to paint—touching in the brows, the nose, the eyes, and the mouth, and finally the bounding line, in succession. Lawrence sometimes, nay often, laid aside the first drawing of a head, and painted on a copy. This was from his fear of losing the benefit of first impressions, which in such cases are often invaluable. It may be added that he stood all the while, and was seldom so absorbed in his undertaking that he did not converse with his sitter, and feel either seriousness or humour, whilst giving thought to the brow, or beauty to the cheek. He adhered to the old rule of receiving half payment at the beginning of a portrait.

"The distinguished person who favoured him with *forty sittings* for his head alone, was Sir Walter Scott. The picture was painted for George IV., and Lawrence was anxious to make the portrait the best of any painted from so celebrated a character.

"At other times, however, he was as dexterous as any artist. He once told Burnet that he painted the portrait of Curran in *one day:* he came in the morning, remained to dinner, and left at dusk; or, as Lawrence expressed it, quoting his favourite author

> 'From morn till noon,
> From noon till dewy eve.'

"The following were his progressive prices :—

	Three-quarters. Guineas.	Half-length. Guineas.	Whole length. Guineas.
1802	... 30	... 60	... 120
1804	... 35	... 70	... 140
1806	... 50	... 100	... 200
1808	... 80	... 160	... 320
1810	... 100	... 200	... 400

"The following were his latest prices :—

"For a head-size, or three-quarters, the great painter received £210; for a kit-cat, £315; for a half-length, £420; for a bishop, half-length, £525; and for a full-length, £630; for an extra full-length, £735.

"Lord Gower paid Lawrence fifteen hundred guineas for his admirable portrait of his lady and child; and six hundred guineas was the sum paid by Lord Durham for his portrait of Master Lambton."

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LIOTARD (JOHN STEPHEN).

JOHN STEPHEN LIOTARD was born in the year 1702, at Genoa. At first he studied without instruction, but in 1715 he visited Paris, and became a pupil of the celebrated Massé. Here he attracted the notice of the Court painter, Lemoine, who introduced him to the Marquis Puysieux, and he afterwards accompanied that nobleman to Naples. Here he employed himself in painting miniatures on ivory. He afterwards visited Rome and painted portaits of the Pope and the Stuart family. In 1738 he accompanied Lord Duncannon to Constantinople. During his residence here he allowed his beard to grow, and adopted the Turkish costume, which he never afterwards relinquished. In 1742

he was summoned by the Prince of Moldavia to Jassy, and after a short time there, proceeded to Vienna, where he was patronized by the Empress Maria Theresa, who rewarded him richly for his portraits of the imperial family. He again returned to Paris, and his magnificent beard and oriental dress made him for a time the lion of that capital, and procured him the bye-name of "The Turkish Painter." Among the ladies who entrusted him with their portraits was the celebrated Madame Pompadour, who was by no means satisfied with the likeness, Liotard having followed nature so closely as to reproduce even freckles and other accidental blemishes. From Paris he repaired to London. The best picture he executed in England was that of the Princess of Wales and her sons. Perhaps his most popular painting is that of "The Chocolate Girl," which is seen on fire-screens, snuff-boxes, articles of porcelain, etc. In 1756 he visited Holland, and sacrificed his long-cherished beard on the altar of Hymen, without, however, laying aside his Turkish dress. In 1772 he returned to England, painting numerous portraits, principally in crayons. His works in enamel, etc., are very numerous, and are to be found in the various private and public collections of almost every country in Europe. He died in the year 1776.

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LIVERSEEGE (HENRY).

HENRY LIVERSEEGE was born at Manchester, in September, 1803. Of humble parentage, he was indebted to the benevolent care of an uncle for a liberal education. His career as an artist began with copying fine paintings of old masters. With the exception of a few

visits to London, he passed the whole of his life in his native town of Manchester. When in London he received considerable attention from those to whom his genius was known; among others, from Etty, the R.A. Heath, appreciating his genius, gave him a commission to paint twelve subjects for the "Book of Beauty," which, however, he did not live to commence. His paintings, which appeared at the Society of British Artists in London, attracted general approval and admiration; but in January 1832, before the completion of his twenty-ninth year, this promising artist breathed his last.

A DEAR MODEL.

"Henry Liverseege had the soul and sense to take nature for his everlasting model; when he originated, he originated out of the heart of life; when he illustrated, he made life sit for his illustrations. In his paintings from Shakspeare, Scott, Gay, and Butler, and more especially in the more difficult of them, he always procured living models. Take, for instance, the two subjects of 'Christopher Sly and the Hostess,' and 'The Black Dwarf,' two of his most admirable paintings: we have it on record that even for these he found life representatives, and the anecdotes that attach to each picture are sufficiently amusing. As regards Christopher Sly, it was long before he could find such a cobbler as he desired. At length he met with a man he thought would suit; and, having placed him in his studio, set down a bottle of gin beside him, saying, 'Drink whenever you please.' The spirit of the cobbler, being one of those that must lie in sleep some time, and become half corrupted before it rises, refused to stir; he sat sober as a worshipful judge upon the bench. Another bottle of gin disappeared in the same way as the former, but the son of Crispin sat

steady as ever. 'Begone!' exclaimed the painter in a passion; 'it will cost me more to make you drunk than the picture will procure me!'

"'The Black Dwarf,' it will readily be believed, was a sort of poser in the way of tumbling upon an original; but notwithstanding the difficulty of procuring a sitter sufficiently hideous or misshapen, he at last discovered a miserable dwarf who afterwards sat to him, and displayed on the completion of his likeness, great wrath and indignation at what he considered the malicious mode in which his person was delineated: he would not believe that it was anything like *him*, and left the room unpaid, in high dudgeon, grumbling hoarsely as far as he could be heard,—for this fragment of humanity had the voice of a giant."

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LOUTHERBOURG (PHILIP JAMES DE), R.A.

PHILIP JAMES DE LOUTHERBOURG, a distinguished landscape painter, was born at Strasburg, in the month of October, 1740. His father, who was a miniature painter, gave him a superior education. He at first studied with Tischbein, then under Casanova, who, at that time, was much admired as an historical painter. But Loutherbourg's peculiar *forte* lay in landscape. He obtained considerable reputation at Paris, and exhibited his works at the Louvre. He was admitted a member of the French Academy in the year 1768. Having come over to England, he was, in the year 1771, elected a Royal Academician, and was for some short time engaged as scene-painter at the Opera House. Soon after his settling in England, he

got up, under the name of the "Eidophusikon," a novel and highly interesting exhibition, displaying the changes of the elements and their phenomena in a calm, by moonlight, at sunset, and in a storm at sea. This pictorial contrivance anticipated our present dioramas, although upon a smaller scale. It has been said of this painter: "His vigorous style of execution, poetical imagination, and his perfect knowledge of scenic effect, well qualified him for a department of art which demands them all, and which is held to be a subordinate one, chiefly because its productions are soon laid aside, and entirely forgotten." He died at Hammersmith, March 11th, 1812, in his seventy-third year.

GILRAY.

The following is an extract from Holcroft's Diary:—"Went with Geiseveiller to see the picture of the 'Siege of Valenciennes,' by Loutherbourg. He went to the scene of action accompanied by Gilray, a Scotchman, famous among the lovers of caricature; a man of talents, however, and uncommonly apt at sketching a hasty likeness. One of the merits of the picture is the portraits it contains, English and Austrian. The Duke of York is the principal figure, as the supposed conqueror; and the Austrian general, who actually directed the siege, is placed in a group, where, far from attracting attention, he is but just seen. The picture has great merit; the difference of costume, English and Austrian, Italian, etc., is picturesque. The horse drawing a cart in the foreground has that faulty affected energy of the French school, which too often disgraces the works of Loutherbourg. Another picture by the same artist, as a companion to this, is the 'Victory of Lord Howe on the 1st of June.' Both were

painted at the expense of Mechel, printseller at Basle, and of V. and R. Green, purposely for prints to be engraved from them. For the pictures they paid £500 each, besides the expenses of Gilray's journeys to Valenciennes, Portsmouth, etc."

LOUTHERBOURG'S ECCENTRICITY.

One day, when he was painting, he observed his footman driving a poor, half-starved cat out of the area. He immediately called out, "John, bring the cat back." "He was stealing a piece of meat, sir." "Then he is hungry, and you must feed him." "Sir, he has got the mange." "Then the animal has a double claim on our commiseration. Bring him back, and you must feed and cure him too; and when he is cured, let me see him. I have an excellent receipt to cure that complaint."

ATTITUDE IS EVERYTHING.

On another occasion, he was painting a snake pursuing a traveller, and could not please himself in regard to the attitude. He rang the bell for John, and, on his appearance, immediately caught him by the collar. The footman started back. "Your attitude is excellent," cried his master. "That is all I wanted."

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OPIE (JOHN), R.A.

JOHN OPIE, born May, 1761, was a native of Truro, in Cornwall, where his father resided in an obscure situation. Dr. Wolcot took a fancy to the boy, and finding he had a turn for painting, the doctor employed

him to paint his own portrait, and recommended others. This employment enabled Opie to save £30, which he brought to London, and soon became noticed as a genius of the first order. Success now smiled on his labours. Through Mrs. Delaney, the young artist was presented to His Majesty, who bought some pictures of him. In 1786 he was known as an exhibitor at Somerset House, soon after which he aspired to academical honours. He accordingly became, first, an Academician Elect, and then a Royal Academician. When the Royal Institution was formed, it became necessary that an artist should be found out who could deliver lectures on the subject of painting, and Opie was accordingly selected for that purpose. On the appointment of Fuseli to the office of Keeper of the Academy, Opie was elected without any difficulty to the vacant Professorship. He was twice married. The first was a most unhappy union; for the wife, within a few years after marriage, encouraged a paramour, which led to a separation and a lawsuit. His next match was formed under more propitious circumstances. He became united to Miss Alderson, of Norwich, who is said to have possessed a fine taste for poetry and music. There was no child of either marriage. While enjoying high reputation in his art, he was suddenly seized with a mortal disease, and expired April 9, 1807.

THE AFFECTED SITTER.

When a lady whose portrait he was painting was mustering all her *smiles* to look charming, the irritated artist could endure the constrained and affected features no longer; but starting up, and throwing down his brush, exclaimed, in his broad style, "I tell ye what it is, ma'am, if ye grin so I canna draw ye."

REYNOLDS (SIR JOSHUA), P.R.A.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS was born in July, 1723. His father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, was much esteemed for his urbane and benevolent disposition, and possessed much keen humour. At the early age of eight years, Joshua gave promise of that genius which in subsequent life gained him such eminence, and so well entitled him to be regarded as "the Founder of the British School of Painting." It was in 1735, when the young artist was but eleven years of age, that he painted his first portrait, that of the Rev. Thomas Smart. This portrait is represented to have been painted from a drawing taken in church on the artist's thumbnail. The celebrated portrait painter, Hudson, had Joshua for his articled pupil, with whom he received a premium of £120, and who soon displayed signs of his after excellence in the line of face painting. He started for Rome in the year 1749. Afterwards he visited Bologna, Genoa, Parma, Florence, and Venice, returning to and establishing himself in England in 1752. From this time Reynolds had abundant employment, and his celebrity advanced in proportion. Although since his return from his travels, Hudson, the former master of Reynolds, with many others, expressed the opinion that he did not paint so well as before he left England, they all candidly confessed within a very short time the error of their opinion. After enjoying a career of unusual success and prosperity, this eminent artist, after a long illness, died on the 23rd of February, 1792, in the 69th year of his age.

ASTLEY.

John Astley was a fellow-pupil of Reynolds in the school of Hudson. They were also companions at Rome. Being

very poor and proud, Astley suffered much through his sensitive temperament in trying to conceal from his companions his narrow circumstances. Being one of a party, which included Reynolds, on a country excursion, it was agreed through the heat of the weather to relieve themselves by walking without their coats. After much persuasion, poor Astley removed his coat with considerable reluctance, when it was discovered he had made the back of his waistcoat out of one of his own landscapes; and his coat being taken off, he displayed a foaming waterfall, which gave much mirth to his companions, though to the poor artist much pain.

REYNOLDS ON ART.

Dr. Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, observed in the great artist's hearing that a pin-maker was a more useful and valuable member of society than Raffaelle. "That," retorted Reynolds, "is an observation of a very narrow mind,—a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce,—that sees with a microscopic eye but a part of the great machine of the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end, of happiness or pleasure; the end is a rational enjoyment by means of the arts and sciences."

JOHNSON'S PORTRAIT.

In 1775 Reynolds painted that portrait of Dr. Johnson which represents him as reading and near-sighted. This was very displeasing to Johnson, who, when he saw it, reproved Sir Joshua for painting him in that manner and attitude, saying, "It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." But, on the contrary, Sir Joshua himself esteemed it a circumstance

in nature to be remarked as characterizing the person represented, and therefore as giving additional value to the portrait. Of this circumstance, Mrs. Thrale says, "I observed that he would not be known by posterity for his defects only, let Sir Joshua do his worst;" and when she adverted to his own picture painted with the ear trumpet, and done in this year for Mr. Thrale, she records Johnson to have answered. "He may paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but I will not be *Blinking Sam.*"

REYNOLDS'S SUNDAYS.

Sir Joshua was wont to say: "He will never make a painter, who looks for the Sunday with pleasure, as an idle day;" and his pocket journals form ample proof that it was his habit to receive sitters on Sundays as on other days. This much displeased Dr. Johnson; and Boswell says the doctor made three requests of Sir Joshua a short time before his death: one was to forgive him £30, which he had borrowed of Sir Joshua; another was that Sir Joshua would carefully read the Scriptures; and lastly, that he would abstain from using his pencil in future on the Sabbath-day.

DR. JOHNSON.

"At the time when Sir Joshua resided in Newport Street, he, one afternoon, accompanied by his sister Frances, paid a visit to the Misses Cotterell, who lived much in the fashionable world. Johnson was also of the party on this tea visit, and at that time being very poor, he was, as might be expected, rather shabbily and slovenly apparelled. The maid-servant by accident attended at the door to let them in, but did not know Johnson, although he had been a frequent visitor at the house, he having always been attended by the man-servant. Johnson was the last of the three that

came in, when the servant maid, seeing this uncouth and dirty figure of a man, and not conceiving he could be one of the company who came to visit her mistresses, laid hold of his coat just as he was going upstairs, and pulled him back again, saying, 'You fellow, what is your business here? I suppose you intended to rob the house.' This most unlucky accident threw poor Johnson into such a fit of shame and anger, that he roared out like a bull; for he could not immediately articulate, and was with difficulty at last able to utter, 'What have I done? What have I done?' Nor could he recover himself for the remainder of the evening from this mortifying circumstance."

GARRICK'S PLEASANTRY.

David Garrick sat many times to Reynolds for different portraits. At one of these sittings he gave a very lively account of his having sat once for his portrait to an indifferent painter, whom he wantonly teased; for when the artist had worked on the face till he had drawn it very correctly, as he saw it at the time, Garrick caught an opportunity, whilst the painter was not looking at him, totally to change his countenance and expression, when the poor painter patiently worked on to alter the picture, and make it like what he then saw; and when Garrick perceived that it was thus altered, he seized another opportunity, and changed his countenance to a third character, which when the poor tantalized artist perceived, he in a great rage, threw down his palette and pencils, saying he believed he was painting from the devil, and would do no more to the picture.

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Reynolds took snuff so freely when painting, as to cause much inconvenience to some of his distinguished sitters.

Northcote relates that when the artist was painting the large picture at Blenheim, of the Marlborough family, the duchess ordered a servant to bring a broom and sweep the snuff from off the carpet; but Reynolds desired the servant to let the snuff remain until he had finished the painting, observing that the dust raised by the broom would do more injury to his picture than the snuff could possibly do to the carpet.

POPE.

Reynolds, when seventeen years old, saw Pope at an auction room. On the celebrated writer's approach, those assembled made way and formed an avenue for him to pass through, which show of respect Pope acknowledged by bowing several times. He was about four feet six inches in height, was very humpbacked, wore a black coat, and had on a little sword. The artist describes him as having a fine eye, and a long, handsome nose; his mouth had those peculiar marks which are always found in the mouths of crooked persons; and the muscles which run across the cheek were so strongly marked as to appear like small cords.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Reynolds had so great admiration for the genius of M. Angelo, that he never lost an opportunity of doing justice to the great Italian's merits. He thus expressed himself in his last discourse he delivered at the Royal Academy:—"I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite; I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo."

REYNOLDS'S STUDY.

Allan Cunningham gives the following :—

"Sir Joshua's study was octagonal, some twenty feet long, sixteen broad, and about fifteen feet high. The window was small and square, and the sill nine feet from the floor. His sitter's chair moved on casters, and stood above the floor a foot and a half. He held his palettes by handles, and the sticks of his brushes were eighteen inches long. He wrought standing, and with great celerity. He rose early, breakfasted at nine, entered his study at ten, examined designs or touched unfinished portraits till eleven brought a sitter, painted till four, then dressed, and gave the evening to company."

DR. JOHNSON'S OPINION OF ARTISTS.

Before Johnson's intimate acquaintance with Reynolds, he thus writes to his friend, Baretti ;—"They (meaning the artists) please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise in reputation. This exhibition has filled the heads of the artists and lovers of art,"—and further on he adds, "surely life, if it be not long, is tedious, since we are forced to call in the assistance of *so many trifles* to rid us of our time,—of that time which never can return!" When Dr. Johnson became acquainted and intimate with Reynolds, he was induced to alter the above opinion, and to highly esteem the virtues and talents of Sir Joshua, as well as to admire the Art he professed ; for on the third exhibition of the works of modern artists, Johnson wrote an apologetical advertisement for the catalogue, at which time the artists ventured upon the bold experiment of charging one shilling admittance each person, which has remained the customary

charge for admission to exhibitions of art to the present time.

REYNOLDS'S DISCOURSES.

On one of the evenings when Sir Joshua delivered his discourses at the Academy, and when the audience was, as usual, numerous, and composed principally of the learned and great, the Earl of C——, who was present, came up to him, saying, "Sir Joshua, you read your discourse in so low a tone, that I could not distinguish one word you said." To which the president with a smile replied, "That was to my advantage."

GARRICK'S PORTRAITS.

The artist had it long in contemplation to paint a picture of an extensive composition purposely to display the various powers of Garrick as an actor. The principal figure in the front was to have been a full length of Garrick, in his own proper habit, in the action of speaking a prologue, surrounded by groups of figures representing him in all the different characters, by personifying which he had gained some fame on the stage.

This scheme Sir Joshua described to Garrick at the time he was painting his portrait; and Garrick expressed great pleasure when he heard it, and seemed to enjoy the idea prodigiously, saying, "That will be the very thing I desire; the only way that I can indeed be handed down to posterity."

SIR JOSHUA'S GENEROSITY.

"What do you ask for this sketch?" said Sir Joshua to an old picture dealer, whose portfolio he was looking over. "Twenty guineas, your honour." "Twenty pence, I suppose you mean?" "No, sir; it is true I would have taken twenty

pence for it this morning; but if you think it worth looking at, all the world would think it worth buying." Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him the twenty guineas.

AN EPICURE'S ADVICE.

At a venison feast, Sir Joshua Reynolds addressed his conversation to one of the company who sat next to him, but to his great surprise could not get a single word in answer, until at length his silent neighbour, turning to him, said, "Mr. Reynolds, whenever you are at a venison feast, I advise you not to speak during dinner-time, as in endeavouring to answer your questions, I have just swallowed a fine piece of fat, entire, without tasting its flavour."

LORD MANSFIELD.

One day when Lord Mansfield was sitting, Sir Joshua Reynolds asked him his opinion, if he thought it was a likeness;—when his lordship replied that it was totally out of his power to judge of its degree of resemblance, as he had not seen his own face in any looking-glass during the last thirty years of his life; for his servant always dressed him and put on his wig, which therefore rendered it quite unnecessary for him to look at himself in a mirror.

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ROUBILIAC (LOUIS FRANCIS).

LOUIS FRANCIS ROUBILIAC was born at Lyons, in France, in the year 1695. By long residence in England, and the encouragement afforded for the development of his talents, he is claimed as forming one of the

sculptors of the English School. His first public employment was obtained through the recommendation of Sir Edward Walpole. This was soon after followed by a commission to execute the monument of John, Duke of Argyle, which when finished, was the largest of Roubiliac's works. The merits of this monument caused the sculptor to be patronized widely, and indeed to be more resorted to than any other in the profession. After an absence from England on the continent for a few years,—where he had been to study some of the great works in sculpture,—he returned fully sensible of the simplicity and grandeur of the antique; for on beholding those of his own works, which had been so highly praised, he is said to have exclaimed, "Tobacco-pipes, by Jove!" Roubiliac died on the 11th January, 1762.

GOLDSMITH.

Goldsmith had the habit of boasting that he could play on the German flute as well as most men; and at other times as well as any man living; but in truth he understood not the character in which music is written, and played on that instrument as many others do, merely by ear. Roubiliac once heard him play, and minding to put a trick upon him, pretended to be charmed with his preformance, as also that he himself was skilled in the art, and entreated him to repeat the air that he might write it down. Goldsmith readily consenting, Roubiliac called for paper and scored thereon a few five-line staves, which having done, Goldsmith proceeded to play, and Roubiliac to write; but his writing was only such random notes on the lines and spaces, as any one might set down who had ever inspected a page of music. When they had both done, Roubiliac showed the paper to Goldsmith, who looked over it with

seeming great attention, said it was very correct, and that if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him.

ROUBILIAC'S HONESTY.

When a young man in the humble situation of a journeyman to a person of the name of Carter, Roubiliac had spent an evening at Vauxhall, and on his return towards home he picked up a pocket-book containing bank notes to a considerable amount, also some private papers of consequence to the owner. He immediately advertised the circumstance; a claimant soon appeared, who was so struck with the honest conduct and genius of Roubiliac, that he promised to befriend him in future. The owner of the pocket-book was Sir Edward Walpole; and the only present the honest and gentlemanly pride of the artist would allow him to receive was a fat buck annually.

BERNINI.

On Roubiliac's return from Rome he paid a visit to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and expressed himself in raptures on what he had seen on the continent,—on the exquisite beauty of the works of antiquity,—and the captivating and luxuriant splendour of Bernini. "It is natural to suppose," said he, "that I was infinitely impatient till I had taken a survey of my own performances in Westminster Abbey; after having seen such a variety of excellence, and by G—, my own work looked to me meagre and starved as if made of nothing but tobacco-pipes."

LORD SHELBURNE.

Roubiliac being on a visit in Wiltshire, happened to take a walk in a churchyard on a Sunday morning, near Bowood, just as the congregation was coming out of church. Meeting

with old Lord Shelburne, though perfect strangers to each other, they entered into conversation, which ended in an invitation to dinner. When the company were all assembled at table, Roubiliac discovered a fine antique bust of one of the Roman empresses which stood over a side-table. Whereupon running up to it with much enthusiasm, he exclaimed, "What an air! what a pretty mouth! what *tout ensemble!*" The company began to stare at one another for some time, and Roubiliac regained his seat; but instead of eating his dinner, or showing attention to anything about him, he every now and then burst out in fits of admiration in praise of the bust. The guests by this time concluding he was mad, began to retire one by one, till Lord Shelburne was almost left alone. This determined his lordship to be a little more particular, and he now, for the first time, asked him his name, "My name!" replied the other, "what, do you not know me then? my name is Roubiliac." "I beg your pardon," said his lordship; "I now feel that I should have known you." Then calling on the company who had retired to the next room, he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you may come in; this is no absolute madman, this is M. Roubiliac, the greatest statuary of his day, and only occasionally mad in the admiration of his art."

DR. JOHNSON.

Roubiliac desired of Sir Joshua Reynolds that he would introduce him to Dr. Johnson, at the time when the doctor lived in Gough Square, Fleet Street. His object was to prevail on Johnson to write an epitaph for a monument on which Roubiliac was engaged for Westminster Abbey. Sir Joshua accordingly introduced him to the doctor, they being strangers to each other. Johnson received him with much civility, and took them up into a garret which he

considered as his library, in which, besides his books all covered with dust, there was an old crazy deal table, and a still worse and older elbow chair, having only three legs. In this chair Johnson seated himself, after having with considerable dexterity and evident practice first drawn it up against the wall, which served to support it on that side on which the leg was deficient. He then took up his pen and demanded what they wanted him to write. On this Roubiliac, who was a true Frenchman, began a most bombastic and ridiculous harangue on what he thought should be the kind of epitaph most proper for the purpose, all which the doctor was to write down for him in correct language; when Johnson, who could not suffer any one to dictate to him, quickly interrupted him in an angry tone of voice, saying, "Come, come, sir, let us have no more of this bombastic, ridiculous rhodomontade, but let us know, in simple language, the name, character, and quality of the person whose epitaph you intend to have me write."

ROUBILIAC'S POETIC EFFUSIONS.

At the Exhibition of Works of Art, opened in May, 1764, the following appeared in the *St. James's Chronicle* from the pen of the sculptor :—

"Prétendu connoisseur qui sur l'antique glose,
Idolatrant le nom sans connoître la chose,
Vrai peste des beaux arts, sans goût, sans équité,
Quittez ce ton pedant, ce méprise affecté
Pour tout ce que le tems n'a pas encore gâté.

"Ne peus-tu pas, en admirant
Les maîtres de Grèce, et ceux de l'Italie,
Rendre justice également
A ceux qu'a nourris ta patrie?

"Vois ce salon, et tu perdras
Cette prévention injuste.
Et bien, étonné, conviendras
Qu'il ne faut pas qu'un Mécénas
Pour revoir le siècle d'Auguste."

—o—

RYLAND (WILLIAM WYNNE).

WILLIAM WYNNE RYLAND was born in London in the year 1732. He was placed at an early age under Ravenet, with whom he made much progress in the art. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he went over to Paris, and lived with Boucher between four and five years. On leaving Paris, he started for Rome, where he studied some time. On his return to England, where his fame had preceded him, he was welcomed and courted by all members of his profession. He was soon employed by the favourite minister, the Earl of Bute, and being introduced to their majesties, he was honoured by the appointment of Engraver to the King. To extricate himself from some embarrassments, he committed an extensive forgery upon the East India Company, for which he was tried and executed in the year 1783.

MAGNANIMITY.

It is stated of this artist that while awaiting his trial he so conciliated the friendship of the governor of Bridewell that he not only had the liberty of the whole house and garden, but when the other prisoners were locked up of an evening, the governor used to take Ryland out with him. His friends concerted a plan by which he was to take advantage of this indulgence to effect his escape. But when this was men-

tioned to the prisoner he seemed much affected at the proposal. He protested that if he was at that moment to meet his punishment, he would embrace it with all its terrors rather than betray a confidence so humanely given. This resolution he adhered to, and ultimately preferred the risk of death to a breach of friendship.

SELF-POSSESSION.

On the forgery being discovered, a reward of five hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension. Large placards mentioning this high reward, and giving a close description of his person, were posted all over the town. Ryland had secreted himself at a friend's house in the neighbourhood of Wapping. Notwithstanding that the detectives were all alert, he would venture out after dark. In crossing Little Tower Hill, a stranger passed him, turned round, followed, and confronted him with, "You are the very man I want." Ryland, looking him steadily in the face, calmly answered, "But you are mistaken in your man;" adding, "I have not the pleasure of knowing you." The stranger, who really was looking for some other person, apologised for his mistake, and resumed his way.

RED CHALK ENGRAVINGS.

"Ryland and Picot, a French engraver, who had learned from Demarteau, in Paris, the mode of stippling in what was termed the red chalk manner, had brought it over to England about the year 1770. Demarteau, who was himself an excellent draughtsman, confined his attempts to the clever chalk drawings and sketches by Boucher and Vanloo, of whose Academy figures he produced bold, mellow, and unrivalled imitations. Ryland and Picot made use of the stippling to produce elaborate prints from finished pic-

tures. Like other easy novelties, it became immediately the fashion, and for a time gave currency to the languid elegance of Angelica Kauffman's designs, who, in return, extolled the stippling to her courtly patrons. *Dilettanti* lords and ladies, the connoisseurs of St. James's and St. Giles's, the town and country, clamoured in admiration of the 'beautiful red prints.' They became a favourite decoration everywhere from the palace to the lodging-house, and a sentimental swarm of sickly designs from incidents in favourite novels succeeded to the gentle, nerveless groups of Angelica."—*European Magazine.*

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TENIERS (DAVID), FATHER AND SON.

DAVID TENIERS was born at Antwerp in 1582. He studied under Rubens, and afterwards at Rome. On his return home he employed himself in painting small pictures of carousals, fairs, and rural scenes, which he executed in an admirable manner. He died in 1649. He had two sons, Abraham and David, who were both artists; the former excelled in the chiaroscuro, and expression of character. The younger, David, born at Antwerp in 1610, was called "the Ape of Painting," from his facility in imitating any style. He was esteemed by several sovereigns, and the King of Spain erected a gallery on purpose for his pictures. His chief talent lay in landscape and conversations. He died in 1694.

DAVID TENIERS THE YOUNGER, AT THE VILLAGE ALE HOUSE.

From Payne's "Royal Dresden Gallery" we extract the following:—

"Let us follow our artist in one of his wanderings. He strolls from the time-honoured walls of Antwerp, towards a village situated on the Scheldt, and enters the ale-house, which has already furnished him with so many original sketches, and is not likely to fail on the present occasion. Four guests, attended by the toothless old servant of the house, are seated at a table of rough oak; but their discourse is of such a deeply interesting character that they take no notice whatever of either host, hostess, or guests.

"On the right of the table sits an old Scheldt fisherman with a dilapidated high crowned hat on his head, a decided countenance, which is shaded by an ample beard; his well used pipe of brown clay together with its accompanying bag of tobacco are stuck in his girdle like weapons of war. This man is called by the others Jan van Bierlich. On the other side of the table sits the son of the old boatman, a powerful looking fellow about thirty years old, with an open cast of countenance. He wears the old Flemish jacket without arms, and an old-fashioned head dress: this man's name is Willen.

"In vain has the son importuned the father to permit him to marry the prettiest, but poorest, maiden of the village. The father of the bride, Mynheer Taaks, has taken his place opposite to the boatman; he is a mild looking man, with long brown hair. The fourth guest is Izak, a bearded son of Israel, and the negociator of the present affair.

"He has promised the bride Katerina to advance the necessary dowry, on condition the bridegroom will take the debt on himself. All three have consequently combined to persuade the boatman to take their view of the case. 'I will give my Katerina two thousand golden florins!' cries Taaks. 'But I have not said Ja,' replies the boatman.

'Have you anything to say against the maiden?' 'Nothing at all,' replies the boatman; 'I like her very well if she has got money. But I object to you, Mynheer Taaks, because you are not able to drink a proper quantity of beer: do you think I am going to have a relation that will annoy me all the days of my life instead of being a comfort to me?' Izak winked at Taaks. 'As for that,' said Taaks, 'I believe I can drink more than you, Mynheer!'

"'I should like to see you do that,' said the boatman, drily. 'But I will only drink on a proper understanding,—Is my daughter to marry your son, if I prove to be a good toper?' 'How can I tell what you call a good toper?' cried Jan, 'but I am willing to have one bout with you; and if you can drink a single glass more than I, I shall say you are a good fellow, and you may bring your daughter to my house to-morrow.' He, however, whispered to Izak—'Taaks will soon be under the table, and that alone will be well worth a hundred florins.' The landlord brought beer and chalk; the topers emptied the glasses in good earnest, and scored each glass on the table beside them. At length the old boatman beckoned to Taaks, who was laughing heartily, but had for some time left off drinking, and was regarding him with an air that showed he was confident of victory. 'The battle is over!' cried Jan, 'I can drink no more; we will not count the glasses.' 'Oh! Mynheer,' cried Taaks, 'I have got the most scores!' Jan sprang on his feet, bent over the table, and compared his score carefully with that of his opponent. 'What witchcraft is this?' roared the boatman, clenching his fists, 'you have not scored too much, because I have watched you the whole time, and I have as surely not scored too little, and yet you have drunk two more glasses than I? I who was never beaten at beer-drinking before!'

Willen, his son, reckoned the score after him, while the old servant, who saw the joke, glanced slily over his shoulder at the scene, while old Izak observed the comical fury of the old boatman with a very knowing look. The fact was, that Izak had secretly contrived to rub out part of old Jan's score as soon as he had marked it down.

"Jan called the host as a witness; the host took the chalk, went to the doorpost, and began to reckon; but the rogue had been drawn into the plot, and he completed the joke, by making his reckoning agree with that of the others. Jan van Bierlich was compelled, as a man of his word, to strike his colours. Five minutes afterwards, Willen and the pretty Katerina were betrothed, and a few moments later David Teniers, the younger, returned to Antwerp, carrying in his pocket the sketch of this charming picture."

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WEST (BENJAMIN), P.R.A.

BENJAMIN WEST was born in America, in the year 1738. It is said that his grandfather was one of those who accompanied the celebrated Penn to the young country. Like most of those who make their way in the art of painting, he very early displayed a strong inclination for drawing. After considerable difficulty in pecuniary matters, he was enabled, chiefly through his own industry, to visit Italy. He suffered several severe attacks of illness while in Italy, notwithstanding which his progress in the art was very rapid. He visited London in 1763. His pictures exhibited in Spring Gardens meeting with much favour, he resolved to fix his residence here in the country of his ancestors. The amount of professional work—chiefly

historical—produced by this great artist is beyond all precedent. Of his many compositions the best are generally admitted to be those taken from Sacred History. And generally as an historical painter, it would be difficult to name his superior in the amount of his productions and artistic merit. He died in 1820, at the age of 82.

LEIGH HUNT.

Among the large circle of the friends of Mr. West was the late Leigh Hunt, who thus expresses his warm attachment on the sale of the celebrated artist's pictures :—

"It is a villainous thing to those who have known a man for years, and been intimate with the quiet inside of his house, privileged from intrusion, to see a sale of his goods going on upon the premises. It is often not to be helped, and what he himself wishes and enjoins; but still it is a villainous necessity,—a hard cut to some of one's oldest and tenderest recollections. There is a sale of this kind now going on in the house we spoke of last week. We spoke of it then under an impulse not easy to be restrained, and not difficult to be allowed us; and we speak of it now under another. We were returning the day before yesterday from a house where we had been entertained with lively accounts of foreign countries and the present features of the time, when we saw the door in Newman Street standing wide open, and disclosing to every passenger a part of the gallery at the end of the hall. All our boyhood came over us, with the recollection of those who had accompanied us into that house. We hesitated whether we should go in, and see an auction taking place of the old quiet abstraction; but we do not easily suffer an unpleasant and vulgar association to overcome a greater one; and besides, how could we pass? Having passed the threshold, without the ceremony

of the smiling old porter, we found a worthy person sitting at the door of the gallery, who, on hearing our name, seemed to have old times come upon him as much as ourselves, and was very warm in his services. We entered the gallery, which we had entered hundreds of times in childhood, by the side of a mother, who used to speak of the great persons and transactions in the pictures on each side of her with a hushing reverence, as if they were really present. But the pictures were not there—neither Cupid with his doves, nor Agrippina with the ashes of Germanicus, nor the Angel slaying the army of Sennacherib, nor Death on the Pale Horse, nor Jesus healing the Sick, nor the Deluge, nor Moses on the Mount, nor King Richard pardoning his brother John, nor the installation of the old Knights of the Garter, nor Greek and Italian stories, nor the landscapes of Windsor Forest, nor Sir Philip Sidney, mortally wounded, giving up the water to the dying Soldier. They used to cover the wall; but now there were only a few engravings. The busts and statues also were gone. But there was the graceful little piece of garden as usual, with its grass-plat and its clumps of lilac. They could not move the grass plat, even to sell it. Turning to the left, there was the privileged study which we used to enter between the Venus de Medicis and the Apollo of the Vatican. They were gone, like their mythology. Beauty and intellect were no longer waiting on each side of the door. Turning again, we found the longer part of the gallery like the other; and in the vista through another room, the auction was going on. We saw a throng of faces of business with their hats on, and heard the hard-hearted knocks of the hammer, in a room which used to hold the mild and solitary artist at his work, and which had never been entered but with quiet steps and a face of consideration. We did not stop

a minute. In the room between this and the gallery, huddled up in a corner, were the busts and statues which had given us a hundred thoughts. Since the days when we first saw them, we have seen numbers like them, and many of more valuable materials; for though good of their kind, and of old standing, they are but common plaster. But the thoughts and the recollections belonged to no others, and it appeared sacrilege to see them in that state.

'Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine:
* * * *
And each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.'

"Into the parlour, which opens out of the hall and into the garden, we did not look. We scarcely know why; but we did not. In that parlour, we used to hear of our maternal ancestors, stout yet kind-hearted Englishmen, who set up their tents with Penn in the wilderness. And there we learnt to unite the love of freedom with that of the graces of life; for our host, though born a Quaker, and appointed a royal painter, and not so warm in his feelings as those about him, had all the natural amenity belonging to those graces, and never truly lost sight of that love of freedom. There we grew up acquainted with the divine humanities of Raphael. There we remember a large coloured print of the old Lion-Hunt of Rubens, in which the boldness of the action and the glow of colouring overcome the horror of the struggle. And there, long before we knew anything of Ariosto, we were as familiar as young playmates with the beautiful Angelica and Medoro, who helped to fill our life with love.

"May a blessing be upon that house, and upon all who know how to value the genius of it!"

JOHN CONSTABLE.

Constable used to relate :—" Under some disappointment, I think it was the rejection at the Academy of a view of Flatford Mill, I carried a picture to Mr. West, who said : 'Don't be disheartened, young man, we shall hear of you again; you must have loved nature very much before you could have painted this.' He then took a piece of chalk and showed me how I might improve the chiaroscuro by some additional touches of light between the stems and branches of the trees, saying : 'Always remember, sir, that light and shadow *never stand still*,"—and added : 'Whatever object you are painting, keep in mind its accidental appearance (unless in the subject there is some peculiar reason for the latter), and never be content until you have transferred that to canvas. In your skies, for instance, always aim at *brightness*, although there are states of the atmosphere in which the sky itself is not bright. I do not mean that you are not to paint solemn or lowering skies, but even in the darkest effects there should be brightness. Your darks should look like the darks of silver, not of lead or of slate.'"

WILLIAM WOOLLET.

The following amusing anecdote is told of the engraver's unexpected alterations in a plate. On bringing to Mr. West what he conceived to be a finished impression of one of his prints from an historical picture by the great painter, he inquired, with his usual mild deference, "If Mr. West thought that there was anything more to be done to the plate?" The painter, with a tone of affability and a smile of pleasure, while he surveyed the print, exclaimed : "More! Anything more, Mr. Woollet! No, sir, nothing,—nothing

It is excellent! admirable! only just suppose we take down these shadows, in the middle distance; a nothing,—a mere nothing!"—at the same time touching upon that part of the print with grey chalk, to lower it to the requisite tint;—"Nothing, Mr. Woollet! nothing at all! It is fine, very fine!—but perhaps we may throw a little more force into these near figures,"—heightening the shadows with black chalk,—"then, I think, all will be done!—Yes, all! nothing will remain; *only*, if we can contrive to keep those parts together:"—adding a faint wash of India ink. "There—there, now take it: Mr. Woollet take it; it would be overdoing it to hazard a single touch more! But stop!—stay! this reflection in the water;—a few touches, just to keep it quiet;—and the edges of these clouds a little more,—that is, I mean, a little less edgy,—more kept down. Good, very good!—There, now, Mr. Woollet, you shall not persuade me to give it another touch; you can make these few little alterations, any time at your leisure." Woollet, who justly looked up to West as the father of the British School of Historical Painting, heard and saw all with thankful good humour, while West spoke and worked, and worked and spoke upon the proof; although the engraver was conscious that the suggested alterations would occupy a long time, and they actually delayed the publication some months, though with great advantage to the effect of the engraving.

JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.

"I remember once being at the Academy, when Sir Joshua wished to propose a monument to Dr. Johnson in St. Paul's, and West got up and said that the King, he knew, was averse to anything of the kind, for he had been proposing a similar monument in Westminster Abbey for a man of the greatest genius and celebrity,—one whose works

were in all the cabinets of the curious throughout Europe,—one whose name they would all hear with the greatest respect; and then it came out, after a long preamble, that he meant Woollet, who had engraved his 'Death of Wolfe.' I was provoked, and could not help exclaiming: 'My God! What! do you put him upon a footing with such a man as Dr. Johnson,—one of the greatest philosophers and moralists that ever lived? We have thousands of engravers at any time!' And there was such a burst of laughter at this,—Dance, who was a grave gentleman, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks; and Farrington, the painter, used afterwards to say to me, 'Why don't you speak in the Academy, and begin with "My God!" as you do sometimes?'"

YOUTHFUL AMBITION.

West entertained very grand notions of Art and of its professors. He was about to ride with a school-fellow to a neighbouring plantation. "Here is the horse," said the boy, "bridled and saddled, so come, get up behind me." "Behind you!" said West; "I will ride behind nobody!" "Oh, very well," said the other, "I will ride behind you; so mount." He mounted, and away they rode. "This is the last ride I shall have for some time," said the boy; "for I am, to-morrow, to be apprenticed to a tailor." "A tailor!" exclaimed West; "you will surely never be a tailor!" "Indeed, but I shall," returned the other; "it is a good trade. What do you intend to be, Ben?" "A painter!" "A painter!—Why, what sort of a trade is painter? I have never heard o' it before." "A painter," said West, grandly, "is the companion of kings and emperors." "You are surely mad," said the other; "Why, they don't have kings nor emperors in 'Merriky!" "Ah! but there are plenty in other parts of the world. But do you really mean to be a

tailor?" "Indeed I do; there's nothing more certain." "Then you may ride alone," said West, leaping down; "I will not ride with one who would be a tailor."

PERSEVERANCE IN ART.

Being subject to the gout, it attacked his right hand while he was painting his great picture of "Death on the Pale Horse;" but this did not check his ardour, for he proceeded with his left hand, and the whole was finished by himself without any assistance.

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WILKIE (SIR DAVID), R.A.

DAVID WILKIE, the son of a Scotch minister, was born in 1785. His genius for the art in which he was destined to become so famous, was displayed even in his infancy, and led to his being sent to study in the Edinburgh Academy, where he had for his fellow-students Sir William Allen and John Burnet. At the age of nineteen his performances had attracted so much notice that he was confirmed in his professional career. He started for London, studied at the Academy, became an exhibitor, and so paved the way for his bright success of after-years. Among his intimate companions was Haydon,—another equally celebrated painter, though not equally successful, who relates the following:—

"When the Academy opened, Wilkie, who had gained admission as a probationer by means of a drawing from the Niobe, took his seat with his class. Something of his Edinburgh fame had preceded him: Jackson, at that time a student, seems to have seen as well as heard of him, for

he wrote to me, then young and ardent, to hasten from Devonshire, for that a tall, pale, thin Scotsman had just come to study at the Academy, who had done something from Macbeth, of which report spoke highly. Touched with this, I came at once to London and went to the Academy. Wilkie, the most punctual of mankind, was there before me. We sat and drew in silence for some time; at length Wilkie rose, came and looked over my shoulder, said nothing, and resumed his seat. I rose, went and looked over his shoulder, said nothing, and resumed my seat. We saw enough to satisfy us of each other's skill, and when the class broke up we went and dined together."

The acquaintance thus begun ripened into a warm friendship, notwithstanding occasional disputes arising from a dissimilarity in taste of the two artists.

Haydon also relates the following:—

"Wilkie, who was always hospitable in his nature, invited me one morning to breakfast, soon after his arrival in London. I went accordingly to 8, Norton Street, and knocked at the door of his apartments; a voice said, 'Come in.' I opened the door and found, instead of the breakfast which I expected, the painter sitting partly naked and drawing from his left knee for a figure which he had on his easel. He was not at all moved, for nought moved Wilkie; and when I expressed some surprise at what he was about, he replied with a smile, 'It's capital practice, let me tell you.'"

About this time (1805), in a letter written by Wilkie to a fellow-student, occurs the following characteristic passage: "And I am convinced now that no picture can possess real merit unless it is a just representation of nature."

On the sale of his first commission picture, "The Village Politicians," he thus buoyantly concludes a letter to his

father, "My ambition is got beyond all bounds, and I have the vanity to hope that Scotland will one day be proud to boast of your affectionate son, "DAVID WILKIE."

On the death of his father, he invited his mother and sister over from Scotland to live with him in London. In after-years, writing to a friend, he adds, "If I were desired to name the happiest hour of my life, I should say it was when I first saw my honoured mother and much loved sister sitting beside me while I was painting."

Another scene, of a different description, at Wilkie's house is worthy of insertion. Mr. Collins's brother, Francis, possessed a remarkably retentive memory, which he was accustomed to use for the amusement of himself and others, in the following way. He learnt by heart a whole number of one of Dr. Johnson's "Ramblers," and used to cause considerable diversion to those in the secret, by repeating it all through to a new company in a conversational tone, as if it were the accidental product of his own fancy,—now addressing his flow of moral eloquence to one astonished auditor, and now to another. One day, when the two brothers were dining at Wilkie's, it was determined to try the experiment upon their host. After dinner, accordingly, Mr. Collins paved the way for the coming speech, by leading the conversation imperceptibly to the subject of the paper in the "Rambler." At the right moment Francis Collins began. As the first grand Johnsonian sentences struck upon his ear (uttered, it should be remembered, in the most elaborately careless and conversational manner,) Wilkie started at the high tone that the conversation had suddenly assumed, and looked vainly to his friend Collins for explanation, who, on *his* part sat with his eyes respectfully fixed on his brother, all rapt attention

to the eloquence that was dropping from his lips. Once or twice, with perfect mimicry of the conversational character he had assumed, Francis Collins hesitated, stammered, and paused, as if collecting his thronging ideas. At one or two of these intervals, Wilkie endeavoured to speak, to ask a moment for consideration; but the torrent of his guest's eloquence was not to be delayed,—"it was too rapid to stay for any man,—away it went" like Mr. Shandy's oratory before "My Uncle Toby,"—until at last it reached its destined close; and then Wilkie, who, as host, thought it his duty to break silence by the first compliment, exclaimed with the most perfect unconsciousness of the trick that had been played him, "Ay, ay, Mr. Francis; verra clever (though I did not understand it *all*),—verra clever!"

His friends relate of him (Wilkie) that he could draw before he could write. He recollected this himself, and spoke to me of an old woman who had in her cottage near his father's manse a clean scoured wooden stool, on which she used to allow him to draw with a coarse carpenter's pencil, and then scrub it out to be ready for another day.

Collins relates the following of Wilkie with whom he lived on terms of the closest intimacy.

"When Lord Mulgrave's pictures were sold at Christie's, Wilkie waited in the neighbourhood whilst I attended the sale. It was quite refreshing to see his joy when I returned with a list of the prices. The sketches produced more than five hundred per cent., the pictures three hundred. I recollect one,—a small, early picture, called 'Sunday Morning'—I asked Wilkie what he thought of its fetching, as it did, a hundred and ten pounds, and whether Lord Mulgrave had not got it cheap enough?—'Why, he gave me fifteen pounds for it!' When I expressed my surprise that he should have given so small a sum for so clever a work,

Wilkie, defending him, said:—'Ah, but consider, as I was not known at that time, *it was a great risk!*'"

Dr. Chalmers was asked by Wilkie whether Principal Baird would preach before the King. (Now, Principal Baird had a sad way of crying in the pulpit.) "Why," replied Chalmers, "if he does, it will be George Baird to George Rex, *greeting!*"

Wilkie died in the year 1841, aged 56 years.

"*LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.*"

This picture was suggested by the reception which the artist himself experienced, it is said by Cunningham in his Life of Wilkie, from one of the small wits about town, Caleb Whiteford by name, discoverer of the "cross-readings" in newspapers, and who set up for a judge in art. Some one desirous to do a good turn to Wilkie, when he first came to town, gave him a note to Caleb, who, struck with his very youthful look, inquired how old he was. "Really now," said the artist, with the hesitation he bestowed on most questions. "Ha!" exclaimed Caleb; "introduce a man to me who knows not how old he is!" and regarded him with that dubious look which is the chief charm of the picture. This was in his mind when he formed the resolution to paint the subject.

COLLINS'S REMINISCENCES OF WILKIE.

"Wilkie was not quick in perceiving a joke, although he was always anxious to do so, and to recollect humorous stories, of which he was exceedingly fond. As instances, I recollect once when we were staying at Mr. Wells's, at Redleaf, one morning at breakfast a very small puppy was running about under the table. 'Dear me,' said a lady,

'how this creature teases me!' I took it up and put it into my breast-pocket. Mr. Wells said, 'That is a pretty nosegay.'—'Yes,' said I, 'it is a *dog-rose*.' Wilkie's attention, sitting opposite, was called to his friend's pun: but all in vain,—he could not be persuaded to see anything in it. I recollect trying once to explain to him, with the same want of success, Hogarth's joke in putting the sign of the woman without a head, ('The Good Woman') under the window from whence the quarrelsome wife is throwing the dinner into the street.

"Chantrey and Wilkie were dining alone with me, when the former, in his great kindness for Wilkie, ventured, as he said, to take him to task for his constant use of the word '*relly*' (really) when listening to any conversation in which he was interested. 'Now, for instance,' said Chantrey, 'suppose I was giving you an account of any interesting matter, you would constantly say, '*Relly!*' '*Relly!*' exclaimed Wilkie immediately, with a look of the most perfect astonishment."

WILKIE'S ARREST AT CALAIS.

When returning from a short Continental tour in 1816, Wilkie became involved in a difficulty at Calais similar to that of Hogarth at the same place, as indicated by our great moral painter in his print of "Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England." Wilkie, while busily engaged in making a sketch of the gate, was accosted by an officer of police, and taken before the mayor, who told the artist he could not be permitted to make drawings of any of the fortifications, and courteously dismissed him. The observation was made in England that Wilkie sought his arrest on this occasion, wishing to re-enact the Hogarth incident: but his well-known unobtrusive manners and unaffected

modesty completely vindicate him from such an accusation.

The following *naïve* account of the arrest of Sir David Wilkie is told by him in a letter to his friend and travelling companion, Abraham Raimbach, the celebrated engraver of many of the artist's pictures :—

"On travelling through France the most singular occurrence was that of my being arrested at Calais, in the act of completing a sketch of the celebrated gate of Hogarth. A young Englishman, who had come from Lille with me, had agreed to remain with me while I was making the drawing; and as I had first obtained leave from the officer of the guard, I expected no sort of interruption. After I had been at work, however, about an hour, with a great crowd about me, a *gendarme* came to me, and with an imperious tone, said, '*Par quelle autorité faites-vous cela, monsieur?*' I pointed to the officer on guard, and told him that he had given me leave. '*Ce n'est rien—c'est défendu, monsieur. Il faut que vous preniez votre livre et m'accompagniez à l'Hôtel de Ville.*' This, of course, I agreed to most willingly, and beckoning my friend to go too, I went along with him, with all the people staring at us. At the Hôtel de Ville we were requested to go to the mayor, and as we were marching along to his house, the *gendarme* said, '*Voila le maire,—arrêtons.*' We stopped till the mayor came up, and learning from us what was the matter, he dismissed the *gendarme*, took us back to his house, and told me, that as there were a number of people there, as in other places, who, on seeing a foreigner making a drawing of a fortified place, would naturally suppose it to be from a hostile intention, and finding it done *en plein jour*, would be apt to blame the magistrates for allowing it; he said it was necessary, therefore, that I should not go on with my drawing, although, from examining it, he was satisfied that I only

did it for amusement, and therefore regretted the interruption."—*Memoirs of Abraham Raimbach, edited by his son, M. T. S. Raimbach, M.A.*

HIS OPINION OF MICHAEL ANGELO AND RAPHAEL.

"The labours of Michael Angelo and Raphael have since been the chief object of my study,—by far the most intellectual. They make other works appear limited, and though high in all that is great, are still an example,—and a noble example too,—of how the accessories of a work may be treated with most advantage. No style can be so pure as to be above learning from them, nor so low and humble as not to gain even in its own way by their contemplation. They have that without which the Venus and the Apollo would lose their value, and with which the mean forms of Ostade and Rembrandt become instructive and sublime,—namely, expression and sentiment. To some of the younger artists here, however, I find they are a stumbling-block; things to be admired but not imitated, and less to be copied than any flat, empty piece of Venetian colouring that comes in their way. The effect of these works upon the unlearned public at large deserves attention. Frescoes, when old, get dull and dry, and cannot be repaired or refreshed like oil; their impression, therefore, upon the common eye is not striking, and many people acknowledge this who, show them a new print from Raphael or Michael Angelo, would be delighted. Vividness is perhaps necessary to make any work generally impressive; and suppose these fresh as they were at first, and as I have seen some recent frescoes, I believe they would be the most beautiful things imaginable,—popular beyond a doubt, as it is on record they were so."—*Memoirs of Abraham Raimbach.*

WILSON (RICHARD), R.A.

RICHARD WILSON was born in Montgomeryshire in the year 1713. He excelled as a landscape painter. After practising some time in London, he was enabled, by the assistance of relations, to travel into Italy, where he renewed the study of portrait painting, in which he had made some progress when in London. But the peculiar form and bias of his genius was landscape, as was shown so powerfully later in life by his famous productions, among others, of "Niobe" and the "Villa of Mæcenas." An incident which happened during his visit to Italy tended to confirm him in his inclination to follow landscape instead of portrait painting. The celebrated French painter, Vernet, happening one day when in Rome to visit Wilson's painting-room, was so struck with a landscape Wilson had painted that he requested to become the possessor of it, offering in exchange one of his best pictures. The proposal was readily accepted, and Vernet kindly recommended Wilson to the English nobility and gentry then visiting Rome. It is said of Wilson that at times, through his intemperate and irregular habits, he was obliged to pawn his pictures, and was sometimes unable to procure canvas or colours. Fuseli, though generally severe in his criticism of the "map makers," as he designated the landscape painters of his day, formed what I consider an exaggerated estimate of Wilson's merits. He says of him: "He is now numbered with the classics of the Art, though little more than the fifth of a century has elapsed since death relieved him from the apathy of cognoscenti, the envy of rivals, and the neglect of a tasteless public; for Wilson, whose works will soon command prices as proud as those of Claude, Poussin, or Elzheimer, resembled the last most in his fate,—lived and died nearer

to indigence than ease; and as an asylum for the severest wants incident to age and decay of powers, was reduced to solicit the librarian's place in the Academy of which he was one of the brightest ornaments." Wilson died on the 11th of May, 1782, aged 69.

A SCENE AT CHRISTIE'S.

"Towards the close of Wilson's life, annoyed and oppressed by the neglect which he experienced, it is well known that he unfortunately had recourse to those means of temporary oblivion of the world to which disappointed genius but too frequently resorts. The natural consequence was, that the works which he then produced were much inferior to those of his former days,—a fact of which, of course, he was not himself conscious. One morning, Mr. Christie, to whom had been entrusted the sale by auction of a fine collection of pictures belonging to a nobleman, having arrived at a *chef-d'œuvre* of Wilson's, was expatiating with his usual eloquence on its merits, quite unaware that Wilson himself had just before entered the room. 'This, gentlemen, is one of Mr. Wilson's Italian pictures; he cannot paint anything like it now.' 'That's a lie!' exclaimed the irritated artist, to Mr. Christie's no small discomposure, and to the great amusement of the company; 'he can paint infinitely better.'"—*Literary Gazette*, 1824.

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ZOFFANY (JOHANN), R.A.

JOHANN ZOFFANY was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine in the year 1735. He was by descent a Bohemian, but his father, who followed the profession of an architect, had settled in Germany. When a mere

child, having shown considerable ability with the pencil, his father sent him to Italy, where he studied several years. He practised, on his return to Germany, as an historical and portrait painter at Coblentz on the Rhine. He arrived in England but a few years before the foundation of the Royal Academy, and was elected one of its first members in 1768. On his arrival, the extent of his finances hardly amounted to the sum of one hundred pounds. "With this," he relates, "I commenced maccaroni, bought a suit *à la mode*, a gold watch, and gold-headed cane." Thus equipped he made the acquaintance of Benjamin Wilson, a portrait painter, then residing in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. With this artist Zoffany engaged himself as drapery-painter, and remained with him until, tired of the monotony of his employment, he determined to try his fortune by trading on the capital of his talent on his own account. He accordingly took furnished apartments at the upper part of Tottenham Court Road, and began his practice as a *Limner*, by painting the portraits of his landlord and landlady, which, as a standing advertisement, were placed on either side the gate that then opened into the area before the house. Garrick, by chance, passing that way, saw these specimens, admired them, and inquired for the painter. The interview ended in his employing Zoffany to paint himself in small, and hence were produced those admired subjects in which the great actor figured,—"Sir John Brute;" *Abel Drugger*, in Ben Jonson's "Alchemist;" "The Farmer's Return," etc. Sir Joshua Reynolds was so pleased with the painting in which Garrick is represented as *Abel Drugger*, that he purchased it of Zoffany for the sum of one hundred guineas. It is related that the Earl of Carlisle, conversing with Sir Joshua upon the merits of the picture, earnestly urged him to part with it. "Well, my lord," said he, "what

premium will you pay upon my purchase?" "Any sum you will name," replied the earl. "Then it is yours, my lord, if you will pay me one hundred guineas, and add fifty as a gratuity to Mr. Zoffany." He consented, and purchased the picture. In 1771, Zoffany painted the royal family on a large canvas, to the number of ten portraits, which has been engraved in mezzotinto by Earlom. He painted likewise two separate portraits of George III. and his Queen, which were also engraved in mezzotinto by Houston. Shortly after this, he paid a second visit to Italy, and taking a recommendation from George III. to the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Florence, he painted an interior view of the Florentine picture gallery. The hopes which he had indulged as to the result of this exertion of his talent were frustrated; for when the Queen was informed that the painter expected to be paid two thousand guineas for his picture, she showed no inclination to receive it. Some years after, the Queen purchased it of him at the greatly reduced sum of six hundred guineas. In 1774, he painted his much-admired picture of the "Life School of the Royal Academy," in which he introduced two naked models and thirty-six portraits. This painting was also engraved in mezzotinto by Earlom. In 1781, Zoffany went to the East Indies, where he painted three of his best works. One is the "Embassy of Hyderbeck to Calcutta," who was sent by the Vizier of Oude to Lord Cornwallis. He went with a numerous retinue by Patna to Calcutta. This picture is a rich display of Indian costume, and contains besides about one hundred figures, several elephants and horses. The scene is placed in Patna. The other two pictures are an "Indian Tiger Hunt;" and as a companion to the Embassy, a "Cock Fight," at which there are many spectators. Zoffany returned to London with a large fortune, and died at Kew, December 16th, 1810.

THE ROYAL PICTURE.

When Zoffany began the picture of the royal family there were ten children. He made his sketch accordingly, and attending two or three times, went on finishing the figures. Various circumstances prevented him from proceeding,—his Majesty was engaged in business of more consequence; her Majesty was engaged; some of the princesses were engaged, and some of the princes were unwell. The completion of the picture was consequently delayed, when a messenger came to inform the artist that another prince was born, and must be introduced in the picture; this was not easy, but it was accomplished with some difficulty. All this took up much time, when a second messenger arrived to announce the birth of a princess, and to acquaint him that the illustrious stranger must have a place in the canvas; this was impossible without a new arrangement: one half of the figures were therefore obliterated, in order that the grouping might be closer to make room. To do this was the business of some months, and before it was finished, a letter came from one of the maids of honour, informing the painter that there was another addition to the family, for whom a place must be found. "This," cried the artist, "is too much; if they cannot sit with more regularity, I cannot paint with more expedition, and must give it up."

THE "COCK FIGHT."

The ship in which this picture left the Indies was wrecked, and the picture lost. Zoffany fortunately took his passage in another vessel. It is said he heard of the loss of his picture with the philosophy of a Stoic. Having his original sketches by him, he set to work again and made out a second picture with all the grouping, portraits of Hindoos and

Gentoos, Rajahs and Nabobs, and finished a fac-simile of the first. It is said Governor Hastings, by whose commission it was originally painted, was never made acquainted with the accident and its repainting.

Miscellaneous Anecdotes, etc.

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY, BURLINGTON HOUSE.

THE new rooms of the Royal Academy were erected from the designs, and under the superintendence, of Mr. Sydney Smirke, R.A., and consist of a large oblong block, parallel with Burlington House, and separated from it only by a few feet, but extending on both sides considerably beyond its frontage. The exhibition-rooms are approached by a noble staircase, with paintings by Ricci, which formed part of Burlington House. The galleries are divided into three lines or rows; five each in the north and south rows, and four in the middle. The central room is a domed octagonal sculpture saloon. Occupying the whole space westward of this is the "Great Room," where the annual dinner takes place. Eastward of the central saloon is a lecture-hall; the remaining space eastward affords a room for water-colour drawings, and the gallery south of that for architectural drawings. All the exhibition-rooms communicate with each other. The dimensions of the apartments are as follows:—

	feet.	feet.
The Picture Gallery at top of stairs...	43	by 31
Central Sculpture Saloon, diameter...	43	—
Sculpture Room...	43	by 32½
North Picture Galleries, each	40	,, 32½
The Great Room	82	,, 43
Water Colour Room...	43	,, 26
Architectural Room	40	,, 31
South Picture Galleries, each	40	,, 31
Hall for Distribution of Prizes, and for Lectures...	55	,, 43

The height of the walls in the Great Room to the top of the cornice is 27 ft., the cove occupies 11 ft., making the height to the underside of lantern 38 ft. In the lesser rooms, the height to the top of the cornice is 22 ft., and the cove occupies 9 ft. The lighting is by means of a large central sky-light in each gallery, excepting the Sculpture Room, where there is a side light. The walls of the Picture Galleries are of a deep subdued red, down to a dado of black wood and walnut. The choice rested between this and "pheasant egg colour." The fine art critic of the *Times*, in his article of the 1st of May, 1869, makes the following appropriate remarks on this grand and useful suite of rooms, in which it is to be hoped that the Hanging Committee will for the future be able to display the pictures to the satisfaction of the artists and the public :—"The fears, if they were genuine ears, expressed by some of the Academicians as to the result of removal from Trafalgar Square to Piccadilly can hardly have survived the private view of the Exhibition yesterday. The verdict of the select crowd which filled the stately apartments provided by the architects of the new Academy building for its annual Exhibition was unanimous. No European capital can now boast a more commodious and noble suite of rooms for its yearly display of painting and sculpture than London now possesses."

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THE FONTHILL COLLECTION.

William Beckford, Esq., one of the most remarkable men of modern times, was the son of the patriotic Alderman Beckford, who was Lord Mayor in the years 1762 and 1769, and whose noble and courageous remonstrance with George III. is engraved under the monument erected to his

memory in Guildhall. Inheriting property amounting to £100,000 per annum, Mr. Beckford was enabled to indulge in the expensive amusement of building. Fonthill Abbey arose like a magic palace at his command, one tower alone employing 460 men, both by day and night, through an entire winter; the torches used by the nocturnal workmen being visible to the astonished traveller at miles distant. This celebrated mansion in a few years cost Mr. Beckford the sum of £273,000. Owing to the rapidity of the work the mortar had not time to consolidate, and a heavy gale of wind brought the great tower to the ground. Merely remarking that he should have been glad to witness the sublime fall of such a mass of materials, he gave orders for the erection of another tower, 276 feet in height; this also fell to the earth in the year 1825. Mr. Beckford was an excellent scholar, and possessed a fine taste in almost every branch of art. He collected, in the fantastic but costly Abbey, one of the finest and most extensive libraries in England; and his galleries of pictures and antiquities were almost unequalled. A Chancery suit,—that blessing to lawyers,—fattened upon his riches for some years, and it ended in the loss of a large West India property; this, added to his other expenses, rendered it necessary to sell the Abbey, with almost all its costly contents. In the year 1822, after Fonthill Abbey had been on view, and catalogues issued by Messrs. Christie and Manson, the day often fixed and as often postponed, it was at length announced as being sold by private contract to Mr. Farquhar, a gentleman who had amassed considerable property in India, for the sum of £340,000, Mr. Beckford only retaining his family pictures and a few books. After the sale, Mr. Beckford resided for some years in Portugal. Not merely a patron of art, he was also an author, and one

singularly original in style. His wild and extraordinary tale, entitled "Vathek," soon formed a portion of our classical literature. This extraordinary man died on the 25th of May, 1844, at the advanced age of 84. In the year 1823, we find the collection again in the market, its new proprietor considering the furniture, etc., wholly unsuited to so splendid a structure; the auctioneer on this occasion being Mr. Phillips, of New Bond Street, who apprised the distinguished company assembled on the first day, that the sale was one of the most important that had ever been offered to the British public. It occupied thirty-seven days, and the amount realized was rather over £80,000.

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THE STRAWBERRY HILL COLLECTION.

Lord Orford, more familiarly known as Horace Walpole, the very finest gentleman of the last century, and the founder of the Strawberry Hill Collection, was the youngest son of the eminent minister, Sir Robert Walpole, and was born October 5th, 1717. After studying at Eton and Cambridge, he travelled; and it was while in Italy that he fostered the love of Art, and taste for elegant and antiquarian literature, which took such complete possession of him as to engross the principal part of his long life. Walpole has by some critics been designated an elegant trifler; yet if we consider that he was one of the first to turn public attention to a taste for the Arts, that he fostered the engravers in this country who became eminent in their branch of Art, that he brought from obscurity various historical memoirs of deep interest, we shall hesitate to consider him a trifler. Among English writers, Walpole is admitted to be one of the best models for lively epistolary correspondence. In a

letter to Sir Horace Mann, he writes: "You know my passion for the writings of the younger Crébillon; you shall hear how I have been mortified by the discovery of the greatest meanness in him; and you will judge how one must be humbled to have one's favourite author convicted of mere mortal mercenariness! I have desired Lady Mary to lay out thirty guineas for me with Liotard, and wished if I could to have the portraits of Crébillon and Marivaux for my cabinet. Mr. Churchill wrote me word that Liotard's price was sixteen guineas; that Marivaux was intimate with him and would certainly sit, and that he believed he could get Crébillon to sit too. The latter, who is retired into the provinces with an English wife, was just then at Paris for a month; Mr. Churchill went to him, and told him that a gentleman in England who was making a collection of portraits of famous people, would be happy to have his, etc. Crébillon was humble, 'unworthy,' obliged, and sat. The picture was just finished, when, behold! he sent Mr. Churchill word that he expected to have a copy of the picture given him,—neither more nor less than asking sixteen guineas for sitting! Mr. Churchill answered that he could not tell what he should do, were it his own case; but that it was a limited commission, and he could not possibly lay out double; and was now so near his return that he could not have time to write to England and have an answer. Crébillon said, then he would keep the picture himself—it was excessively like. I am still *sentimental* enough to flatter myself, that a man who could beg sixteen guineas, will not give them, and so I may still have the picture."

Walpole died on the 2nd of March, 1797. By command of the Earl of Waldegrave, the contents of Strawberry Hill were sold by auction on the 25th of April, 1842, and the

proceeds of the sale, which lasted twenty-four days, amounted to £33,450 11*s.* 9*d.*

Mr. Tiffin, in his interesting little book, "Gossip about Portraits," writes mournfully of the dispersion of this *recherché* collection: "What a melancholy time to the amateur was that at Strawberry Hill, in 1842, when these treasures were dispersed. In recalling that time when I wandered through these rooms looking listlessly at many objects that to the connoisseur (not only of art but of history) 'spoke volumes.' I began faintly to understand the worth of such collections."

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THE SALTMARSHE COLLECTION.

On the 4th, 5th, and 6th of June, 1847, was sold by auction, by Messrs. Christie and Manson, the collection of pictures, the property of Mr. Higginson, of Saltmarshe, Herefordshire. The total amount realized by the three days' sale, reached the enormous sum of £46,695 3*s.* At the close of the sale it was remarked that the proceeds of the last day, £35,789 9*s.* was the greatest sum realized in one day on record. Though the collection was, on the whole, more remarkable for numbers than quality, it contained some good and important works. Mr. Higginson was a gentleman possessed of considerable wealth, and was in his day a rapacious accumulator of pictures. Five of them alone brought upwards of £10,000. On the first day's sale, a fine example of Constable's fetched 360 guineas; a Nasmyth, 44 guineas; and "A Country Ale-house," the old hackneyed subject of George Morland, 95 guineas. On the second day, a sum of 405 guineas was obtained for a Gerhard Dow. On the third, and most important day of

the sale, the late Marquis of Hertford gave the grand sum of 1000 guineas for a small female head by Greuze, one of the most distinguished artists of the modern French school. A truly important work of Claude's fell to the same nobleman for 1400 guineas. A landscape, the joint production of P. De Koning and Lingelbach, was purchased by the late Sir Robert Peel, and we believe has just been sold to the Government by his son, the present Sir Robert. "The Holy Family, with Elizabeth and Saint John," by Peter Paul Rubens, which was formerly in the Imperial Gallery of Vienna, and afterwards in the possession of M. Delahante, who gave 3000 guineas for it, upwards of thirty years previous to the sale, was knocked down by the auctioneer to the late Marquis of Hertford for the reduced sum of 2360 guineas.

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THE STOWE COLLECTION.

The contents of Stowe, the house of the Buckingham and Chandos family, were brought to the hammer on Tuesday, the 15th of August, 1848. For full particulars of the genealogy of this old and noble family, we must, with pleasure, refer our readers to the annotated catalogue of the choicest objects of art and vertu contained in its princely mansion. The editor, Mr. Henry Rumsay Forster, evidently bestowed considerable pains on the work he took in hand; and in his "Historical Notice of Stowe," after enumerating the visits to it of almost all the crowned heads of civilized Europe, gives some lines written by Mr. Disraeli, M.P., while a guest at Stowe in the year 1840. They are in allusion to a beautiful statuette by Cotterell, of the Duke of Wellington, which His Grace of Buckingham

had purchased, and up to the time of the sale had preserved in the library.

"Not only that thy puissant arm could bind
The tyrant of a world, and, conquering Fate,
Enfranchise Europe, do I deem thee great;
But that in all thy actions I do find
Exact propriety: no gusts of mind,
Fitful but wild, but that continuous state
Of ordered impulse mariners await
In some benignant and enriching wind,—
The breath ordained of nature. Thy calm mien
Recalls old Rome, as much as thy high deed;
Duty thine only idol, and serene
When all are troubled: in the utmost need
Prescient; thy country's servant ever seen,
Yet sovereign of thyself whate'er may speed."

The mansion was opened for private view on the 3rd of August, 1848. The sale, ever to be remembered amongst collectors, commenced on the 15th of the same month, and terminated on the 7th October following. A sale of forty days! realizing the extraordinary sum of £75,562 4*s.* 6*d.* The sale of the library followed, and extended over twenty-four days, and produced £10,355 7*s.* 6*d.*

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THE BERNAL COLLECTION.

In March and April, 1855, was dispersed by auction the valuable collection made by Mr. Ralph Bernal of articles of rare excellence, and of an age extremely rich in ornamental art, extending from the Byzantine period to that of Louis Seize. The high prices which the several articles brought are to be attributed rather to their artistic character than to their extrinsic value as historic relics. They consisted of Oriental, German, Dresden, Sèvres, Capo di Monte, and

Chelsea china; portraits remarkable for their costumes; miniatures; mediæval metal-work and ecclesiastical silver; Limoges, Dresden, and Oriental enamels; carvings in ivory; Faenza and Palissy ware; armour, arms, and stained glass; Venetian and German glass, watches, clocks, and compasses, etc.

Several of the articles brought extraordinary prices. Among the most costly items were: A Sèvres cabinet, £465; a pair of Dresden candelabra, £231; a pair of vases, painted *à la Watteau*, 95 guineas; King Lothaire's magic crystal, bought by Mr. Bernal for 10 guineas, and once sold in Paris for 12*f.*, brought 225 guineas; Sir Thomas More's candlesticks, bought by Mr. Bernal for 12 guineas, were sold for 220 guineas; the celebrated reliquaire of the King's, 63 guineas; a metal-gilt Moresque dish, £57 15*s.*; a curious steel lock for a shrine, £32; St. Thomas à Becket's reliquaire, 27½ guineas; a Limoges enamel portrait of Catherine di Medicis, 400 guineas; a Faenza plate, bought at Stowe for £4, brought £120; a circular Bernard Palissy dish, £162. Among the armour, steel gauntlets, 50 guineas a pair; a warder's horn, £56; and a Spanish breastplate of russet steel, £155. The first three days the porcelain produced upwards of £6,000; and about 400 lots of Majolica ware, which cost Mr. Bernal 1,000 guineas, in this sale realized upwards of £7,000,—a proof of the skill of Mr. Bernal as a collector; and showing that the purchase of articles of *vertu*, guided by correct taste and judgment, may prove a very profitable means of investment.

Rarely has the dispersion of any assemblage of works of art realized such high prices as the first portion of Mr. Bernal's Collection. In neither of the sales of Mr. Beckford at Fonthill, at the Strawberry Hill sale (in 1842), or at that

of Stowe (in 1848), were there assembled so many choice articles as in the Bernal Collection. Fonthill, Strawberry Hill, and Stowe included many treasures of historic repute, more valuable for having been possessed by celebrated personages than for their perfection as works of art. Mr. Bernal's Collection, however, presented higher claims; inasmuch as his judgment was acknowledged over Europe. The entire sale realized £62,680 6*s.* 5*d.*

Mr. J. R. Planché, who by request wrote a few introductory lines to the catalogue, thus speaks of his departed friend, with whom he had been associated for thirty years: "Distinguished among English antiquaries by the perfection of his taste, as well as the extent of his knowledge, the difficulty of imposing upon him was increased by the necessity of the fabrication being fine enough in form, colour, or workmanship to rival the masterpiece it simulated; to be, in fact, itself a gem of art, which it would not pay to produce as a relic of antiquity." Mr. Bernal was for many years a member of parliament, having sat successively for Lincoln, Rochester, and Weymouth, and held the post of Chairman of Committees. In politics he was a supporter of the Grey and Melbourne ministries. He died at his house in Eaton Square, on the 25th of August, 1854.

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SALE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL'S LIBRARY, PRINTS, PICTURES, ETC., IN MAY, 1849.

The last day's sale is thus described by the *Freeman's Journal*:—"The auction on Monday concluded the sale of the standard works, and at its close all were disposed of save some few insignificant lots for which no bidders

could be found. A large number of miscellaneous works of small value were sold in lots at very trifling prices. One lot, including a number of loose pamphlets and tracts, many of them bearing O'Connell's autograph and notes, sold for £2. The sales of the preceding day were varied. A number of the Irish and Scottish Art Union prints sold at prices varying from 2*s.* to 3*s.* each. A fine proof copy of the well-known print, 'Cross Purposes,' brought a guinea. A copy of the now scarce print of 'Henry Grattan' fetched (after some spirited bidding) one guinea. Landseer's 'Angler's Daughter' (engraving), 10*s.* 6*d.* 'The Volunteers in College Green' was then put up. This engraving, now scarce, was keenly competed for; it brought £1 10*s.* A paltry landscape painting in oil, 'The Meeting of the Waters,' brought 7*s.* An engraving of Carlo Dolce's 'Salvator Mundi' fetched 6*s.* A little portrait of that little man, Lord John Russell, was then put up for competition; but, amongst a sale-room full of gentry and citizens, not a solitary bidder was found willing to hazard the risk of even by chance becoming the possessor of this work of art. The accomplished salesman displayed the portrait in every possible light, and solicited an initiatory movement towards setting Lord John a-going, by infinitesimal beginnings in specie; but *non eundum erat.* It was no use; in vain was the noble lord's *eidolon* turned towards each group of bystanders,—in vain did Mr. Jones insinuate 'Any advance?' 'Sixpence for it?' 'Eightpence did you say, sir?' said the indefatigable Mr. Jones (to an old gentleman with a white hat). 'No, sir, I didn't; nor fourpence,' replied the gentleman, angrily. 'Oh, I beg pardon; well then, fourpence. Any advance?' Alas! no; not a solitary bidder. Even the Liffey Street picture-brokers looked angrily at this useless and protracted inquiry as to whether there

was any advance with regard to Lord John. Finally, the lot was withdrawn. The next lot was a small and handsomely framed portrait in oils of O'Connell. It seemed a tolerably clever copy of the well-known medium size engraving of the original. This picture was put up at a low figure, but was warmly competed for, and was knocked down at £1 10*s*. A large oil painting of the 'Madonna and Child,' not of very high merit, sold for £1. Two engravings, large size,—one, 'The Trial of Charles I.,' the other, 'The Trial of Lord Strafford'—sold at 30*s*. each. Several other pictures, engravings, and statuettes were sold at very low prices. A splendid Norman steel cross-bow, with appurtenances complete, sold for £1 8*s*. The sales closed with some miscellaneous articles, none of which brought beyond average prices. The library, altogether, was certainly not such, either in the number of the volumes or their description, as might be supposed to form the collection of O'Connell; and as to the prices obtained, they were, as we have before remarked, not beyond the intrinsic value of each lot, apart from all associations connected with them."

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HOLBEIN.

Holbein, the painter, once engaged with his landlord to paint the outside of his house. The landlord found that the painter left his work very frequently to amuse himself elsewhere, and determined to keep a constant eye upon him. Holbein, anxious to get rid of his suspicious taskmaster, ingeniously contrived to absent himself at the very time when the landlord fancied he was quietly seated on the scaffold, by painting two legs apparently depending

from his seat; and which so completely deceived the man, that he never thought of ascertaining whether the rest of the body was in its place.

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PALLADIO (*ANDREW*).

Andrew Palladio, the celebrated architect, was born in 1518, at Vicenza, in Lombardy. He learnt the principles of his art from Trissino; after which he studied at Rome, and on his return to Lombardy constructed a number of noble edifices. He was employed in various parts of Italy, particularly at Venice, where he built the palace Foscari. His treatise on Architecture was printed at Venice in 1570, folio; and again at London in 1715, in 3 vols. folio. In 1730, Lord Burlington published some of this architect's designs, in one volume folio. Palladio used to relate an anecdote of an artist who dedicated the different apartments in a gentleman's house to several moral virtues, as Chastity, Temperance, and Honesty; so that each guest might be appointed to the room sacred to his favourite virtue. The rich and young widow would be lodged in "Chastity," the alderman in "Temperance," and the prime minister in "Honesty," etc. Palladio died in the year 1580. A monument was erected to his memory at Vicenza, in 1845, the Count G. Velo having bequeathed 100,000 livres for that purpose. It is thus described in *The Builder* in 1846:—

"The statue of Palladio stands on a pedestal, two storeys in height, with a genius by his side in the act of crowning him. Seated on the first story of the pedestal, against the angles of the upper portion, which is less in size than the lower, are two allegorical figures, one representing Vicenza with a wreath in her left hand, and looking up with pride at

the artist; the other Architecture, depicting the history of the art on a scroll, by a representation of a primitive hut, and the Pantheon. Between these two figures on the upper part of the pedestal, is sculptured in bas-relief the baths of Caracalla, to express that it was by the study of the antique monuments that Palladio formed himself.

"At the foot of the whole is a sarcophagus, in imitation of that of Agrippa, containing the remains of the artist.

"The monument stands within an octagon chapel in the new public cemetery of the city, and is the work of M. Fabris, a sculptor of Vicenza. The material is Carrara marble."

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JACQUES CALLOT'S ETCHINGS.

"Etching is the writing by which the artist conveys his thoughts. With etching he can allow himself every liberty of touch and fantasy. Etching does not freeze his inspiration by its slow progress: it has all the qualities of a steed at full gallop. Callot, who was so varied, so original, so capricious, so fertile, and so ready, is the greatest master of the art of etching.

"The works of Callot consist of nearly sixteen hundred plates, including those of Israel. We must pass with the rapidity of a bird upon the wing almost all his small religious subjects. Callot, without fantasy, is not himself; it is plain that he grows tired with works where patience is required. The subjects in which he revels in all the luxury, in all the splendour, in all the originality, of his talent, are 'The Temptation of Saint Anthony,' 'The Fair della Madonna Imprunetta,' 'The Tortures,' 'The Massacre of the Innocents,' 'The Misfortunes and Horrors of War,'

and tatterdemalions of every form and every kind, from the hectoring bully to the beggar enveloped in his rags.

"He etched with marvellous facility, having finished on more than one occasion a plate in a single day. His magic hand, and his imagination so rich and so quick, often accomplished a feat of this description in playing, as it were. It often happened,—as, for instance, in his '*Livre des Caprices*' (Book of Caprices), and in his fantastic and grotesque works,—to let his hand follow its own course. While chatting with his friends, he would give utterance to some joke at the same time that he made a stroke, and was himself lost in wonder at having produced a figure. His graver, too, was so fertile in resources, that in all his numerous creations he never repeated himself. He was, however, an artist who treated his art seriously, and who studied incessantly, full of his task, and fond of the glimmer of the midnight lamp. He had the passion of creating tatterdemalions, bullies, and mountebanks, as other men have the passion of play. Whenever he sat up to work, he used to tell his friends that he was going to pass the night in the bosom of his family."

Jacques Callot was born 1593, and died March, 1635. —*Philosophers and Actresses.*

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THE FEMALE FACE.

Felibien, an eminent French writer of the early part of the 17th century, thus describes his *beau ideal* of the female ace :—

"The head should be well rounded, and look rather inclining to small than large. The forehead white, smooth, and open : not with the hair growing down too deep upon it,

neither flat nor prominent, but like the head, well rounded, and rather small in proportion than large. The hair either bright, black, or brown; not thin, but full and waving, and if it falls in moderate curls the better; the black is particularly useful for setting off the whiteness of the neck and skin. The eyes black, chestnut, or blue, clear, bright, and lively, and rather large in proportion than small. The eyebrows well divided, rather full than thin; semicircular, and broader in the middle than at the ends, of a neat turn, but not formal. The cheeks should not be wide; they should have a degree of plumpness, with the red and white finely blended together, and should look firm and soft. The ear should be rather small than large, well-folded, and with an agreeable tinge of red. The nose should be placed so as to divide the face into two equal parts, of a moderate size, straight, and well squared; though sometimes a little rising in the nose, which is but just perceivable, may give it a very graceful look. The mouth should be small, and the lips not of equal thickness; they should be well turned, small rather than gross, soft even to the eye, and with a living red in them. A truly pretty mouth is like a red rose-bud that is beginning to blow. The teeth should be middle-sized, white, well-ranged, and even. The chin of a moderate size, white, soft, and agreeably rounded. The skin in general should be white, properly tinged with red, with an apparent softness, and a look of thriving health in it."

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LONDON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Sir William Davenant gives a true though ludicrous picture of the habitations of London in his day:—

"Sure," says the angry critic, "your ancestors contrived

your narrow streets in the days of wheelbarrows, before the greater engines, carts, were invented. Is your climate so hot that as you walk you need umbrellas of tiles to intercept the sun? Or are your shambles so empty that you are afraid to take in fresh air, lest it should sharpen your stomachs? Oh, the goodly landscape of Old Fish Street, which, had it not the ill-luck to be crooked, was narrow enough to be your founder's perspective; and where the garrets (perhaps not for want of architecture, but through abundance of amity) are so made that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home. Is unanimity of inhabitants in wise cities better expressed than by their coherence and uniformity of buildings, where the street begins, continues, and ends in a like stature and shape? But yours, as if they were raised in a general insurrection, where every man hath a separate design, and differ in all things that can make distinction. There stands one that aims to be a palace, and next another that professes to be a hovel; here a giant, there a dwarf; here slender, there broad; and all most especially different in their faces, size, and bulk. I was about to defy any Londoner who dares pretend there is so much ingenious correspondence in this city, as that he can show me one house like another. Yet your old houses seem to be reverend and formal, being compared to the fantastical works of the moderns, which have more ovals, niches, and angles than are in your custards; and inclosed in pasteboard walls like those of malicious Turks, who, because themselves are not immortal, and cannot for ever dwell where they build, therefore will not be at the charge to provide such lastingness as may entertain their children out of the rain; so slight, so prettily gaudy, that if they could move they would pass for pageants. It is your custom, where men vary after the mode of their habits, to

turn the nation fantastical; but where streets continually change fashion you should make haste to chain up the city, for it is certainly mad."

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TARDIF, THE FRENCH CONNOISSEUR.

Among the connoisseurs of pictures who were celebrated in France towards the end of the seventeenth century, we must place in the first rank Tardif, formerly an engineer, but subsequently secretary to the Marshal de Boufflers. He was the friend of Largillière, Watteau, Audran, and, above all, of Gillot. He was renowned for the justness of his criticisms. When a picture was finished, no one dared to deliver his opinion openly on it, until it had undergone Tardif's inspection; his opinion was, so to say, the last touch of the artist's brush. Watteau himself, who used to laugh at criticism, once said on laying down his brush before a *fête galante*, still wet, "That picture is a perfect wonder! If Tardif were here, I would sign it." Tardif possessed, in the Rue Gît-le-Cœur, one of the first cabinets of pictures in Paris. The Marshal de Boufflers, who knew his secretary's passion, used every year to make him a present of the work of some celebrated painter as a new year's gift. Tardif, too, had managed to raise sufficient from his patrimonial fortune to buy pictures from his friends, the living artists, and of his friends the dead ones. His cabinet was so celebrated that the Duke of Orleans went one day to see it with Nocé: this completely turned Tardif's head. However, if he had only been subject to this noble kind of madness, which is a proof of a sublime aspiration towards the poetry of the beautiful, the worthy creature might have lived comfortably till his death. But he, too, was afflicted with

the melancholy madness of money for money; he allowed himself to be fleeced under Law's system: in other terms, he lost in that great revolution of French fortunes all he possessed, save his pictures.

It was necessary for him to live, however. Any one else would have got rid of his *chefs-d'œuvre:* Tardif only got rid of his servants. "Go, my friends," said he; "the world is before you. Go where my money is gone. At present, I can only keep those who do not want to eat; my pictures will keep me company." Tardif was already old, the passions of life had no more influence upon his heart; all that he needed was a little sunshine in his cabinet for him to live contented. He died in Paris, May, 1728.—*Philosophers and Actresses.*

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PAUL POTTER'S STUDIES OF NATURE.

When Fergusson, the author of the famous treatise on perspective, was asked what copies he had followed in forming his style, he answered, "*The examples of great nature;*" and added, "I always found nature *so powerful*, that to copy her was easy." All who have attained greatness in the practice of art have followed the same course of study, but none more successfully than our own Edwin Landseer, who first learned to draw animals in the fields around Primrose Hill; and Paul Potter, his great prototype, who acquired his first knowledge of art in the bright green meadows of the Low Countries. Of the value set by the latter painter on this mode of study, we have a striking proof in the picture in which he represents himself making his first sketch. This great painter was born in 1625, at Enkhuysen, in the province of Holland. His works, which

have become equally rare and valuable, are peculiarly distinguished by the effects of his sun rays upon his landscapes and cattle, in producing which he has distanced all competitors. His paintings are deemed very valuable. For one small picture in the collection of the late Marquis of Westminster, that nobleman gave 9000 guineas. Potter died in 1654.

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FIDELITY IN PORTRAIT PAINTING.

It is not always well to paint the whole truth; and although sincerity is extremely praiseworthy, we can scarcely approve the somewhat brutal frankness of an old French artist, who, while taking the portrait of a lady whose face was slightly broken out, took considerable trouble to reproduce all the pimples that he saw before him. "My dear sir," said the lady, "you are not aware what you are about; you are painting my pimples; they are merely accidental; they make no part of my face." "*Bon, bon, madame,*" replied he, "if you hadn't these you would have others."

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CLAYTON MORDAUNT CRACHERODE.

Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode was born in 1729, took his degree at Oxford in 1753, and though he entered into orders, he never would accept Church preferment, but continued to follow his peculiar taste for antiquities, which an easy competence enabled him to do. His collection of coins and prints was most various and extensive. The whole he bequeathed to the British Museum, of which institution he was a trustee. He is thus described by one intimately acquainted with him:—"Well do I remember his mild, benevolent countenance, his sleek black suit, and

his snow-white wig! He was a perfect woman-hater; retraced his steps when, in coming down stairs, he met one of the housemaids, and walked out of the room when a female entered. He was a man of the most regular habits, and of a sedentary disposition. He possessed a fine estate in Hertfordshire, and had never ventured to go so far as to look at it. He often observed that the extent of his journeys had been to Clapham and Richmond. For forty years of his life, when not prevented by indisposition, he daily went to his bookseller and printseller, Elmsley and Paine, and every Saturday he repaired to Mudge's, to regulate his watch." He died in 1799.

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BARRY'S CONTEMPT FOR PORTRAIT PAINTING.

"Folks," complained Barry, "come with a *sessarara* at the knocker of my street door and disturb my repose to ask my price as a *limner*. 'I'm not a limb of that fraternity of flatterers,' I answer; 'go, get ye gone to the man in Leicester Fields' [meaning Sir Joshua Reynolds]. Pshaw! the vain coxcombs! what could I see in their vacant countenances worthy of my art? The spalpeens! Such blockhead visages to be transmitted to future generations! O keep me, ye gods, clear from that offence! To be sure, and you'll not seduce James Barry to prostitute his pencil, palette, and pigments, to such vile purposes!"

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BARRY'S ECCENTRICITY.

The eccentricity of Barry is thus spoken of in Daye's "Essays on Painting:"—"He carries his ideas of independence to such an extravagant length as always to pay for

his dinner at whatever table he sits down. A year or two ago he dined with Paul Sandby, and laid down eighteenpence for his dinner, but, on recollection, paid another sixpence, for his additional quantity of grog. This instance is by no means singular. His character may be further illustrated. One evening, at Somerset Place, Peters said, on coming in, 'How do you do, Mr. Barry? I hope you are well.' On which he grumbled out, 'Oh! I don't believe a word of it.' With all his oddities, he is, unquestionably, a man of uncommon intellect; every one must be benefited by his conversation, for, as Dr. Wolcot has justly observed, 'Go where he will, he always leaves a pearl behind him.'"—Barry was born in 1741, and died in 1806.

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THE ROYAL PRISONER.

Joseph Goupy, an ingenious artist, was born at Nevers, in France, and painted landscapes much in the style of Salvator Rosa. He was in great favour with Frederic, Prince of Wales, and frequently attended at Leicester House to draw such designs as his Royal Highness chose to dictate. One morning, on his arrival, the prince said, "Come, Goupy, sit down and paint me a picture on such a subject." But Goupy, perceiving Prince George, afterwards George III., standing as a prisoner behind a chair, took the liberty humbly to represent to his royal patron how impossible it was for him to sit down to execute his commands with spirit, while the Prince was standing, and under his royal displeasure. "Come out then, George," said the good-natured prince; "Goupy has released you." When Goupy was eighty-four, and very poor, he had a mad woman to nurse and maintain, who had been the object of

his delight when young; he therefore put himself in the King's way at Kensington, where he lived. One morning the King saw him, and stopped the coach, saying, "How do you do, Goupy?" asking him also if he had sufficient to live upon. "Little enough, indeed," answered Goupy; "and as I once took your Majesty out of prison, I hope you will not let me go into one." His Majesty was graciously pleased to order him a guinea a week for the remainder of his life, which, however, was very brief. He died in 1763.

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ATHENIAN STUART.

Goupy, the subject of the above anecdote, was in his time considered the most eminent of fan painters. So fashionable was fan painting at that time, that the family of Athenian Stuart placed him as a pupil with that artist, conceiving that by doing so they had made his fortune. Stuart's genius, however, in a short time soared to the pinnacle of fame by flying to Athens for those inestimable treasures which will immortalize his name, notwithstanding Hogarth's satire upon the publication of his first volume; for, indeed, we have not now a student who speaks of Stuart without the honourable prefix of "Athenian" to his name.

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PRUDHON AND CANOVA.

While residing at Rome, Prudhon found a friend in Canova, his friendship with whom was the most beautiful, the most noble, the most holy event in his life; in it was included everything, even to self-sacrifice. It consoled Prudhon for his misfortunes in love. "There are three men here," said Canova to him one day, "of whom I am

jealous." "I know and love you alone," replied Prudhon. "But me alone?" answered Canova; "do you not also love Raffaelle, and Leonardo da Vinci, and Correggio? You pass all your time with them, you listen to them, you confide to them your dreams, you go from one to the other, and you are never tired of admiring what they produce." And this was true, for Prudhon was indefatigable in his study of these three masters, whom he sometimes called the Graces. But Correggio was the master whom he loved most. If Prudhon had listened to Canova, he would have spent his life at Rome; but in spite of all his friend's entreaties, he left, though with a promise soon to return. They never beheld each other again, but they were faithful in their friendship: faithful to such a point that they both died at the same time, as if to meet above. Peter Paul Prudhon (named after Rubens) was born in 1758, and died in 1823.

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REVOLUTION AN ENEMY TO ART.

On Prudhon's return to France his mother was dead, and his wife, as usual, was not very conjugal. France had ceased to be a kingdom, and had not yet become a country. It was the year 1789, and the first rumours of the Revolution swept over the land like some wind foretelling the coming storm. It was the hour of exit for the Arts. Prudhon, who was always resigned, showed his resignation in this instance as well. After embracing his wife and children he set out for Paris, believing that at every epoch, even during a revolution, Paris was the best place for a man to succeed. He reached that city with scanty means, and took up his quarters in an hotel which we will dignify by calling it furnished. He intended to lodge there until he could take a studio; but he

got nothing to do, and consequently nothing to eat. He could not continue this mode of life very long, and therefore, although proud and very misanthropical, he determined on applying to the celebrated painters of that period. These may almost be summed up as consisting of Greuze, David, and Girodet. He waited upon Greuze, who was from the same province as himself. "Do you possess talent?" said Greuze to him. "Yes," replied Prudhon naïvely. "All the worse," continued Greuze. "A family and talent! that is more than you need to die in want. What the deuce have you to do with talent at a period when we no longer have a heaven, nor a devil, nor a king, nor a court, nor poor, nor rich? I, who address you, am, as you know, as good a painter as most men; and yet just look at my ruffles!" On saying this, Greuze, who was a perfect dandy, and excessively fantastic in his dress, showed Prudhon a pair of ragged ruffles. "If you did not possess talent," he continued, "the evil would not be so great,—you might daub in portraits for the first comer." "Did I not say that I had a family?" interrupted Prudhon. "I will paint sign-boards if it is necessary. I will turn mechanic as long as it pleases Heaven I shall be one." True to his word, Prudhon set up a shop. He painted miniatures; he designed headings for letters, for concert tickets, and for bills. He ornamented visiting cards and sweatmeat boxes. "I undertake," said he with a melancholy smile, "all that appertains to my business."

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SERRES AND VERNET.

Sir William Beechey related the following anecdote of Serres, the ship-painter. Serres took a picture or pictures of shipping from England to the King of France, painted

to commemorate some naval exploit of the French, and invited connoisseurs and artists to see his performance. Among the rest was the famous Vernet. Serres waited some time after Vernet had looked at the picture, till he became impatient to hear his opinion, hoping for praise, and fearing lest it should not be bestowed. "How do you like my picture, M. Vernet?" said he. "Upon my word, sir," replied Vernet, "you paint ropes exceedingly well." Nothing could be more satirical, or better mark the genius of the two men, than this reply. Vernet, like a man of genius, painted nature at large, and suggested her minutiæ, but never gave them in detail. Serres was incapable of any thing but detail, in which he was uncommonly accurate. Serres thought he revenged himself on Vernet by damning him for a fool that had never known how to paint a ship; which, in his sense, was true enough. He could not paint every shroud, rope, and tackle, etc., all which Serres had laboriously studied.

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THE HEROIC PAINTER.

Vernet was so attached to his profession that he used to make voyages in bad weather on purpose to see the sky and ocean in picturesque perturbation. One day the storm was so violent that the ship's crew were in great consternation. Vernet desired a sailor to bind him to the mast. When every one was crying and praying, Vernet, with his eyes now upon the lightning, and now upon the mountainous waves, continued to exclaim, "How fine this is!"

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VERNET AND VOLTAIRE.

When Vernet, the celebrated painter, visited Voltaire for the first time, the author thus addressed him: "Welcome, M. Vernet! you are rising to immortality, for never were colours more brilliant or more durable than yours!" The painter replied, "My colours can never vie with your ink!" and caught the hand of Voltaire, which he was going to kiss with reverential awe. But the poet snatched it away, modestly saying, "What are you going to do? Surely if you kiss my hand, I must kiss your feet."

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PISTRUCCI'S READY INGENUITY.

The coronation medal of George IV. afforded an example worth relating of ingenuity and skill in expedients in the art of coining. When the gold proof-piece was shown to His Majesty, he approved of the obverse, which is immensely flattering, though not so much as he wished, as nothing satisfied him except Lawrence's juvenile-looking portrait; but he immediately remarked that on the reverse proof he was not properly placed, being on a level with the allegorical figures of England, Scotland, and Ireland. This the master of the mint in despair reported to Pistrucci. What was to be done? There was not time to engrave a new die. After a moment's consideration, he said, "I shall elevate His Majesty." He then cut the die perpendicularly in two, just at His Majesty's foot, slid one piece a little above the other, so as to raise that part of the platform under the throne above the other part, and continued the under line of the platform to make it even, as seen in the reverse of the published coronation medal.—*Dr. Billing's "Science of Gems."*

CHARLES TOWNLEY.

Charles Townley, born in Lancashire in 1737, resided for many years at Rome, where he devoted his attention to the collecting the remains of ancient Art. His collection being very various, he purchased two houses in Park Street, Westminster, and there formed a museum for the reception of his antiquities. His gallery of sculpture was very valuable, he being a most enthusiastic collector. Such was his ardour in the pursuit of objects of classic veneration, that it is related of him that on arriving at Syracuse, harassed and exhausted by a long journey, he would neither take rest nor food until he had visited the Fountain of Arethusa. Although a wealthy man, his mode of living was quiet and frugal in the extreme. His statues and busts he called his dead family, and in collecting their remains, and relieving his tenantry, he expended his whole fortune, and did not even keep a carriage. He died in 1805 at his museum.

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THE TOWNLEY MARBLES.

The Elgin marbles, which became public property by means of public purchase, on the 1st of July, 1816, was the first unadulterated collection of ancient works of Art possessed by the nation, and the precursor of other collections of no less interest to the artist and man of letters. The Nimroud and Xanthian marbles especially. In these antiques we behold the real Art of the sculptors of remote periods; but in the Townley collection, a superficial observer cannot discover where Greek or Roman Art ceases, and the ingenuity of Joseph Nollekens commences. Tobacco juice, cement, and a few discoloured lumps of marble, furnished tips to the noses of Messalinas, Octavias, and other Roman

patrician ladies. Arms, legs, fingers, toes, nails, and sometimes whole heads, were dexterously supplied by this king of vampers, who filled his coffers at a time when the rage for purchasing modern antiques was at its height; therefore, fortunate indeed was the virtuoso whose antiques were even a fractional part genuine. Mr. Townley's marbles were on this account far superior to many other collections. That beautiful bust of a female issuing from the petals of a flower, Mr. Townley justly considered as the gem of his gallery. During the riots caused by the insane Lord George Gordon, the mob marked out Mr. Townley's residence in Park Street for destruction, the owner being a Roman Catholic. He secured his cabinet of gems, and casting a long and lingering look on his cherished marbles, was about to leave them to their fate, when, moved by some irresistible impulse, he took this beautiful bust in his arms, and bore it to his carriage. Fortunately for the nation the contemplated attack did not take place; Mr. Townley returned with his "wife," as he pleasantly called the lady represented, and restored her to her companions.

Mr. Townley's gallery, purchased for the Museum at two different periods for the sum of £28,200, paved the way for the far-famed Elgin collection.—*Fine Arts Almanac.*

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BLUCHER TAKEN BY LIMNERS.

When the renowned Blucher visited England, he was made the lion of the day; the general desire for portraits of this famous soldier was very great, and he is described as "seated conveniently for graphic reconnaissance in his apartment at St. James's, his meerschaum in full play, with a miniature painter taking him straight in front; a die-sinker by a

right profile, a modeller the left; two crayon painters at dexter and sinister three-quarter fronts; and two other limners by a side-long glance, or a sort of enfilading, at as much of his visage as was visible from an angle *au derrière.*"

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COST OF A PICTURE.

It is said that Marshal Soult, on being asked one day how much his best picture had cost, replied, "One monk." The meaning of this was that the picture was given in exchange for an unfortunate monk, who had been taken prisoner during Soult's campaign in Spain, and condemned to death.

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RESUSCITATED CELEBRITIES.

The following is said by the *Polytechnic Journal* to have taken place at a provincial exhibition in the year 1840:—

"The exhibition rooms were crowded; many visitors paid for admission, and many claimed exemption by virtue of brush and palette. Among the latter, two fantastically dressed persons, like hunters from a neighbouring university, presented themselves.

"'What is the number of your work?' was the question addressed by the doorkeeper to each exhibitor. 'Mine is two hundred and four,' said one of the applicants.

"'Then,' said the unconscious functionary, referring to his catalogue, 'you are Mr. Lorraine,—Claude Lorraine?'

"'*Mais précisement,—est ce que vous m'avez déjà connu?*'

"'I don't exactly understand you,' replied the other, 'but will you enter your name in this book?'

"The name was inscribed, as requested, in a hand as singular as was the writer himself in appearance.

"The other applicant was no less a personage than Gerhard Douw, who having registered his name with all the care and finish which distinguishes him, thanked the doorkeeper in his best Leyden Dutch, and proceeded to look through the rooms.

"These were not the only distinguished persons who visited the rooms; others followed, a few of the names of whom we learn from a long critique in the local newspapers, a passage of which we quote: 'From what we have already stated, we may consider the success of the experiment as successful beyond parallel; and such is the interest that the opening of the exhibition has created, that upon the list of signatures we find the names of many gentlemen not unknown to the world. We now may instance those of Lorraine, Douw, Holbein, Teniers, and Poussin; but propose next week to discharge more fully this part of our duty, which from the press of other matter we are now most reluctantly compelled to postpone.'"

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TWO GORMANDIZERS.

Mr. Charles Townley who had noticed Nollekens at Rome, kindly continued for years to entertain him at his house, No. 7, Park Street, Westminster; and when any person spake of good eating, Mr. Nollekens always gave his friend Mr. Townley the highest credit for keeping a most excellent table. "I am sure," said he, "to make a good dinner at his house on Sunday; but there is a little man, a great deal less than myself, who dines there, of the name of Devay, a French Abbé, who beats me out and out. He is one of the greatest gormandizers I ever met with; though, to look at him, you would declare him to be in the most

deplorable state of starvation." The Abbé Devay was an excellent man; he conversed and wrote in many languages; and his reading and memory were so extensive and useful, that Mr. Townley, who referred to him in his literary concerns, always called him his "walking library." The Sunday dinners of Mr. Townley were principally for professors of the Arts; and Sir Joshua Reynolds and Zoffany generally enlivened the circle.—*Smith's "Nollekens and his Times."*

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THE ARTIST ILLUSTRATED.

The following is from Mr. Robert Kerr's interesting Discourses on Fine Art Architecture.

"What is an artist? Oh, everybody knows what an artist is till you press the question, and then you find that everybody does not so clearly know. I have already defined my meaning in the term, but perhaps you have not yet felt the fulness of the definition; and illustration may be useful.

"In a lone room, damp-walled and fireless,—the midnight wind of March howling without,—cold, but not feeling it,—cheerless, comfortless, but senseless to such,—there sits, perhaps a youth, perhaps an aged man. A book lies open, and his red eyes greedily devour the thought. Or it is a picture that he muses on; perhaps a statue, a carving, a device; perhaps (although it may seem wonderful) a building. Or he writes,—ponders and writes; or draws,—ponders and draws. Or it is music that he loves,—sweet melody—soft harmony—in the still night, when grosser men have ceased their turmoil's jarring discord. How intent he is! He forgets the world—forgets himself—forgets the cold March night—in some strange lore! The chill of opening spring is but as the warmth of kindest, sunniest Autumn.

That cheerless home of his is lost—lost in the vision of a beautiful heaven. The bleak black noon of night is *without!* within it is a brilliant daylight scene; and he is very happy! He is alone with Art,—his soul surrounded with the beautiful. He is drunk with love of Loveliness as with a drug. Sorcery-struck, the earthy of him sleeps, and the supernal self is breathing a celestial air. *He* is not in the dim, damp chamber,—cold and comfortless. Earth singing a wild winter-song without,—*he* is far away! Fool that he is,—poor dreamer! *Fool?* *Dreamer?* NAY!"

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THE DOUBLE SURPRISE.

A husband wishing to surprise a beloved wife on her birthday, came to Sully, the painter, and got him to paint his portrait "on the sly." It was begun forthwith, and Sully was to have it carried home and put up while the wife was out. But before it was half done, the wife paid him a visit by stealth. "Pray, Mr. Sully," said she, "could you not contrive, think you, to make a portrait of me by such a day (Sully stared), for that is my birthday, and I should like of all things to surprise my husband." "Why,—a—a," said Sully, seeing that she had no idea of the trick, "I do believe that I could; and if you will manage to draw your husband away the night before, I will have the picture hung up for you and all ready to receive you in the morning." "Delightful!" said she. To work he went therefore, and so closely was he run that once or twice he had to let the husband out of one door on tiptoe, while the wife was creeping in at another on tiptoe. Well, the portraits were finished: they were very like. The night before the birthday arrived, and Sully finding both parties away, each being

decoyed away by the other, hung them up (the pictures, not the parties) in their superb frames, just where they required to be hung. The rest of the story we may as well skip,—for who shall describe the surprise of both, when the wife got up early, and the husband got up early, both keeping their countenances to a miracle, and each feigned an excuse to lead the other into the room where the two portraits appeared side by side!—*Monthly Magazine*, 1826.

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THE IDEAL PART OF PAINTING.

"Painting is an act that leads to infinite exertion, and the perfection of it appears difficult to be ascertained. The grandest performances of the greatest masters cannot circumscribe the limits of the art. Raphael has executed prodigious works; but yet we dare to think that he may be excelled, and this great man laboured every day of his life, with a hope to surpass himself. I am certain that had his life, which was a short one, been extended to ever so great a length, and had his progress in his art kept pace with his increasing years, the idea of perfection which he cherished would have prevented him from being satisfied with what he had, and he would always have aimed at further improvement. No one but a painter can imagine this infinite process in the art: other men consider it as confined to very narrow limits. The artist himself sees his toil expanding itself every moment into infinite extent. This art may be compared to geography; where a dot stands for a city, a sea, or a kingdom."

In confirmation of this opinion of Charpentier on the infinite progress of the ideal part of painting, let us hear the sentiment of a painter of our own country: "I believe

there never was such a race of men upon the face of the earth; never did men look and act like those we see represented in the works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Parmegiano, and others of the best painters; yet nature appears throughout. We rarely or never see such landscapes as those of Titian, Annibal Caracci, Salvator Rosa, Claude Lorraine, Jasper, Poussin, and Rubens; such buildings, in magnificence, as in the pictures of Paul Veronese; but yet there is nothing but what we can believe may be. Our ideas even of fruits, flowers, insects, draperies, and indeed of all visible things, and of some that are invisible, or creatures of the imagination, are raised and improved in the hands of a good painter; and the mind is thereby filled with the noblest, and therefore the most delightful images." —*See J. Richardson's works, "Science of a Connoisseur."*

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SATAN AT A PREMIUM.

Vandermyne, the Dutch painter, was taken into Yorkshire by a Mr. Aislesby, to paint him some pictures; but he committed such excesses that he was at length turned out of doors. Under these circumstances he went to a draper at York, where he had frequently been with his patron, and took goods for clothing on credit; and as in conversation he discovered that the draper had saved a few hundred pounds, he persuaded him to part with it, promising him five per cent.: then getting a tailor recommended to make the clothes, he afterwards decamped in a hurry. It was some months before Mr. Aislesby had occasion to go to York; and when he called on the draper, the latter ventured to ask after the gentleman, when the other exclaimed he had turned the rascal out of doors for his drunkenness and

dissolute conduct. On this an explanation took place, and the man was advised to get a picture for his money, as the painter was no farther off than Scarborough. The advice was followed, and he found the artist, who, after a bottle, painted before he left him a large head of *Satan after the Fall.* This picture was exhibited gratis at the draper's house at York, and by the company it attracted amply repaid him. The poor tailor, who lived opposite, and had made the clothes, being mortified at the other's success, determined to walk over to Scarborough to see if he also could get a picture. On being introduced to the artist, he begged with many bows and scrapes that as the artist had painted a picture for his neighbour that was likely to make his fortune, he would likewise paint one for him; and as his account was not so great as the other's, he observed that he could not expect so large a one; but added, if he would be so good as to paint him *a little devil*, he should be much obliged. The whim took; he got a small picture and returned to York, where both pictures were exhibited with great *éclat.* He died in Moorfields, 1783, aged 68.

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LOVE OF THE PICTURESQUE.

A white partridge having been captured in Shropshire, and being a great curiosity, it was sent to Pugh with instructions to paint its portrait. Pugh, who was a tolerably good painter, was no sportsman, and painted a large oak with the white partridge perched on one of the branches. When told that partridges always sat on the ground, he said, "That might be; but it looks so much more picturesque to have a landscape in the background; and I can't alter it, for an extraordinary bird ought to have an extraordinary situation; it exalts him above his fellows."

THE DUTCH PAINTER AND HIS CUSTOMERS.

"I vork in my studio one day, ven one gentleman wid de *lunettes* come in, make one, two, tree bow, very profound, and say, '*Gut morgen, meinheer!*' I make one, two, tree profound bow, and say de same. Den de gentleman look at all my picture very slow and deliberate; den he say, 'Dat is goot; dat is beautiful; dat is vondrous fine.' Den, he say at last, 'Sare, vil you permit me to bring my friend de Baron von A—— to see your fine vork?' I say, 'Sare, you vil do me von favour.' Den he make tree more bow more profound dan before, and he go vay. De next day he bring his friend de Baron, and dey two make six bow all very profound, and dey say dat all is very beautiful; and den de Baron say, 'Sare, vil you let me bring my friend de Count von A—— to see dese so fine vork?' and den dey make der bow once again, and go vay, and I see dem no more. Dat vas von German gentleman.

"Anoder day, von little gentleman came in wid von skip, and say, '*Bon jour, monsieur! charmé de faire vôtre connaissance.*' He take up his *lorgnette*, and he look at my first picture, and he say, 'Ah, very vell, sare! dat is von very fine morsel!' Den he pass quick to anoder, and he say, 'Sare, dis is truly admirable; after dis beautiful nature is vort notting;' and so in two minute and a half he get trough dem all. Den he twirl his cane, and stick out his chin, and say, 'Sare, I make you my compliment; you have one great talent for de landscape; I shall have de honour to recommend you to all my friend; *au revoir, monsieur;*' but I see him never again. He vas von French gentleman.

"Anoder day, I hear von loud rap wid von stick at my door, and ven I say, 'Come in,' von gentleman valks for-

ward, very stiff, and nod his head, but take never his hat off. He say, 'May I see your picture?' I bow and say, 'Wid pleasure, sare.' He no answer, but look at von a long time, and say not a vord. Den he look at anoder, and say notting. Den he go to anoder, and look, and say, 'Vat is de price of dis?' I say, 'Forty louis, sare.' He say notting, but go to de next, and look von long time; and at last he say, 'Vat is de price of dis?' Den I say, 'Sare, it is sixty louis.' Den he say, 'Can you give me pen and ink?' and ven I give it, he sat down, and he say, 'Vat is your name, sare?' Den I give him my card, and he write one order on Torlonia for sixty louis; he gave me de order wid his card, and he say, 'Dat picture is mine; dat is my address; send it home; good morning.' And so he make one more stiff nod and valk avay. Dis vas von English gentleman."

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PAINTING A SKY.

The following amusing anecdote is given in a volume of the *Polytechnic Journal*:—

"*S'entr'aider* is not uncommon in the English School, where points of departure from an artist's ordinary habits of work create a feeling of diffidence; but it rarely occurs that the two names attach to the work. Sometimes the commonest objects create intense difficulty when an artist is fastidious and jealous of all foreign assistance; for instance, to PAINT A SKY is the halting point of one of our artists who is in the enjoyment of a certain degree of celebrity. This, his foible, became known to us through a mutual acquaintance, who, calling one day at his house, had the door opened to him by a female domestic, whose eyes were red with weeping.

"'Is Mr. —— at home?'

"'Yes, sir, but—but—he's *painting a sky*, sir;' and up went the apron to her eyes as she began to whine anew.

"It struck the visitor that something must be 'out of joint.' As he was hurrying to the well-known *studio*, the girl hastily exclaimed,—

"'O pray,—please sir, don't go up; it's not safe,—he's *painting a sky*, and he doesn't see nobody on sky-days.'

"This expostulation had its effect. 'Well, well,' said the other, 'if Mr. — has given orders not to be interrupted, make my compliments, and say I will call in the evening.'

"The evening came and the daylight went, and the would-be visitor addressed himself again to the painter's knocker, under the impression that there was then certainly not light enough for 'painting a sky.'

"The door was opened as before, and the applicant was about, unhesitatingly, to proceed to his friend's studio, when he was again encountered by the servant's deprecating accents.

"'What! not to be seen yet?'

"'Oh no, sir; master's skying away like a madman. He'll be the death of us all.'

"It was ultimately agreed that the visitor should wait a little in a lower room, as the artist's usual hour of relaxation from professional employment was already past. The room into which he was shown was immediately below the studio, and he took up a book, but from the noise overhead he found it impossible to read. The painter was pacing up and down in precipitate and violent action, and from the noise and sound of splinters, heavy objects of furniture were undoubtedly smashed; lighter ones seemed to be kicked about with the fury and increased power of a maniac; the door, too, was slammed with fearful violence, and from time

to time the shivered glass of the windows fell upon the pavement.

"The visitor became alarmed. He was rushing upstairs, when he was met by a young child who was wailing and lamenting aloud, as if he had been severely beaten.

"'What can be the reason of all this?' demanded our friend.

"'Oh! Pa's *painting a sky*,—pa's *painting a sky*,' was all, in his excessive grief, the boy could utter. While yet condoling with the child, another, younger, rushed downstairs with a rapidity sufficient to endanger its neck,—the cry as before, 'Pa's painting a sky.'

"The second child was followed by Mrs. ——, who apologised for the prevailing confusion; 'but,' added she, 'this is so often the case when Mr. —— has to paint a sky, that it is my most fervent prayer he may never paint another.'

"The tears stood in the good lady's eyes; and scarcely had she finished speaking when an unlucky dog was hurled from above, filling the house with his shrill and piteous howlings; and, lastly, the cat descended with a like precipitation. Our friend, despairing of meeting the artist in a rational state, now took his hat, his departure, and a resolution to visit him some other day when his employment was not 'painting a sky.'"

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VARIETY OF SKIES.

Ambrose Philips, the poet, was, in his conversation, solemn and pompous. At a coffee-house he was once discoursing upon pictures, and pitying the painters who in their historical pieces always drew the same sort of sky. "They should travel," said he, "and then they will see that there is

a different sky in every country,—in England, France, Italy, and so forth." "Your remark is just," said a grave old gentleman who sat by: "I have been a traveller, and can testify what you observe is true; but the greatest variety of *skys* that I found was in Poland." "In Poland, sir?" said Philips. "Yes, in Poland; for there are Sobie*sky*, Poniatow*sky*, Sarbrun*sky*, Jablon*sky*, Podebra*sky*, and many more *skys*, sir, than are to be found anywhere else."

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SLANG OF ARTISTS.

The conversation of artists, when it has reference to their profession, is usually patched up with phrases peculiar to themselves, and which may not be improperly called Slang of Art. This jargon, when heard by persons unacquainted with its application, is apt to lead to awkward mistakes. A laughable instance of this kind once occurred. A party of artists were travelling in a stage-coach, in which, besides themselves, a sedate venerable lady was the only passenger. The conversation among the artists ran as follows:—"How playful those clouds are!" "That group to the left is sweetly composed, though perhaps a little too solid and rocky for the others." "I have seen nothing of L——'s lately. I think he is clever." "He makes all his flesh too chalky." "You must allow, however, that he is very successful with his ladies." The old lady began to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness, and at the close of each observation cast an anxious and inquiring look at the speaker. Her companions, however, unconscious of the surprise they were exciting (for she entertained doubts as to their sanity), went on in the same style. She heard them, to her increasing dismay, talk of a farm-house coming out from the neighbouring trees, and of a gentle-

man's grounds wanting repose. At length they approached an old village church. A great many observations were made about the keeping, etc., of the scene, which the old woman bore with tolerable equanimity; but at last one of the party exclaimed, in a kind of enthusiasm, "See how well the woman in the red cloak carries off the tower." The lady screamed to the coachman to stop, paid him his fare, although advanced only half way on her journey, and expressed her thankfulness for having escaped alive from such a set of madmen.

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A PICTURE DEALER'S KNOWLEDGE OF GEOGRAPHY.

About sixty years back a picture dealer, selling his pictures by an exhibition at the Town Hall of Doncaster, had, among other performances, the following subject, according to his catalogue :—"'A View in Italy,' by Caracci, with a figure of John the Baptist baptizing in the river Jordan."

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ON STUDY OF ANTIQUITIES.

Much false wit and unjust strictures have been made on lovers of the olden time, as if they were all alike nugatory and tiresome. Many antiquaries have proved men of great sense and ingenuity. Let two modern ones plead the cause of antiquarianism,—the poets Gray and T. Warton. Cervantes has well described foolish and useless researches into antiquity : "Say no more, sir," says Sancho, "for in good faith if I fall to questioning and answering, I shall not have done between this and to-morrow morning; for foolish questions and ridiculous answers I need not be obliged to any of my neighbours." "Sancho," quoth Don Quixote,

"you have said more than you are aware of; for some there are who tire themselves with examining into and explaining things, which, after they are known and explained, signify not a farthing to the *understanding* or *memory*."

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THE RESERVE.

A gentleman showing his friend his curiosities, pictures, etc., in his gallery, on the other praising them all very much, he gave him a choice of any one of them as a present. The stranger fixed his election upon a tablet, in which the Ten Commandments were written in letters of gold. "You must excuse me there," replied the gentleman; "those I am bound to keep."

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GALLANTRY OF ANTIQUARIES.

"Their Venus must be old, and want a nose."—*Foote.*

Antiquaries are by no means apt to pay great attention to the fair sex; among those who have set themselves most warmly against that elegant part of the creation, must be reckoned Antony à Wood, whose diary affords some instances of his dislike, so grotesque that they claim attention.

Page 167. "He (Sir Thomas Clayton), and his family, most of them womankind (which before were looked upon, if resident in the college, as a scandal and abomination thereto), being no sooner settled, etc., etc., the warden's garden must be altered, new trees planted, etc., etc. All which, though unnecessary, yet the poor college must pay for them; and all this to please a woman!"

Page 168. "Frivolous expenses to pleasure his proud lady."

Page 173. "Yet the warden, by the motion of his lady, did put the college to unnecessary charges, and very frivolous expenses: among which were a very large looking-glass, for her to see her ugly face and body to the middle, and perhaps lower."

Page 252. "Cold entertainment, cold reception, cold clownish woman."

Page 257. "Dr. Bathurst took his place of Vice-Chancellor, a man of good parts, and able to do good things, but he has a wife that scorns that he should be in print. A scornful woman! Scorns that he was Dean of Wells! No need of marrying such a woman, who is so conceited that she thinks herself fit to govern a college or a university."

The learned Selden has left no good example to antiquaries, in point of gallantry. "It is reason," says he, "a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey, it is fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks."—*European Magazine.*

POETS AND PAINTERS.

The visible emotions that poets are subject to, during the ardour of composition, are not to be ridiculed as grimaces, for they certainly assist to put the fancy in motion. Nor are they to be considered as the struggles of the mind against its own want of fertility; they often proceed from the powers being under very animated exertion. Quintilian compares these agitations to the lashing of a lion's tail, bestowed on his own back to excite and prepare himself for a combat. Dominichino used to act the parts of the personages he was about to represent by his pencil; to use

such action, to utter such speeches, as he conceived their situation and character would demand. And when he was employed on the picture of the *Martyrdom of St. Andrew*, Caracci, coming into his room, surprised him in one of these assumed characters. His voice thundered, and his attitude was fierce and threatening; he was then preparing to paint the figure of a soldier menacing the saint. When this fit of enthusiasm had subsided, Caracci ran to embrace this great painter, and declared that he should consider him from that time his master, and that he had that day caught from him the true method of designing expression.

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FREEDOM OF OPINION.

Sir Martin Archer Shee, in his "Rhymes on Art," remarks:—"There is no enjoying a picture in peace while the proprietor is expatiating on its beauties. All pleasure is destroyed, all improvement prevented, when—

> 'The connoisseur his cabinet displays,
> And levies heavy penalties of praise;
> Exacts your admiration without end,
> Watches your eye, nor waits till you commend.'

Neither politeness nor prudence will allow you to dissent, however erroneous you may think his remarks, or misplaced his panegyric; for, in the present day, when old pictures bear a price so extraordinary, to hint a doubt of the various and often incompatible merits which the owner of the celebrated work chooses to ascribe to it, seems not only an insult but an injury, since it tends to depreciate his property, as well as to disparage his taste." An amusing instance of this difficulty of forming an independent opinion is given in Richardson's "Discourses on the Science of a

Connoisseur." "Some years since, a very honest gentleman (a rough man) came to me, and amongst other discourse, with abundance of civility invited me to his house. 'I have,' said he, 'a picture by Rubens; 'tis a rare good one. Mr. —— came t'other day to see it, and says 'tis a copy. G—d d—n him, if any one says that picture is a copy, I'll break his head! Pray, Mr. Richardson, will you come, and give me your opinion of it?'"

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THE CONNOISSEUR TAKEN IN.

One day, at an exhibition in Brussels, there was a gentleman very finely dressed, who seemed uncommonly attentive to every picture, and condemned, like a modern critic, *ad libitum*. Coming at last over against a highly-finished piece of fruit and flowers, with insects placed upon some of the leaves, he lifted up his right hand, and applied his eye-glass, which was set in silver, and curiously chased round the rim; on the little finger of the other hand, which held the catalogue, he had an antique, set round with rich brilliants. After he had pored over the picture for some time, he exclaimed, "Oh, horribly handled!—the colouring is execrable. Was this thing done for a fly? never was anything half so wretched. A fly! nothing was ever more out of nature."—This speech brought a group of listeners about him: he then pointed to that part of the picture where this insect was executed in so abominable a manner; on the approach of his finger, the ill-done reptile flew away, for it happened to be a real fly.

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NO CONNOISSEUR.

Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed to be gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies, when Voltaire thus accosted him: "My lord, I know you are a judge; which are more beautiful, the English or French ladies?"—"Upon my word," replied his lordship, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no connoisseur in *paintings*."

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THE UNCOURTLY MEDALIST.

"One day," says the Duchess d'Orleans in her letters, "Mareschal de Villars came to see me. As he was esteemed a connoisseur in medals, and wished to examine my collection, I sent for Baudelot, a worthy man who takes care of them for me, and bade him show them to the mareschal. Baudelot is no courtier, is utterly ignorant of the tales of the day, and of consequence knows nothing of M. de Villars' domestic uneasiness. He began with acquainting the mareschal that he had written a dissertation to prove a certain antique horned bust, was not meant for Jupiter Ammon, but for Pan. 'Ah, sir,' said he next, 'this is one of our most curious coins. It is the triumph of Cornificius; he has all sorts of horns; he has the horns of Jove and of Faunus. Observe him, sir: he, like you, was a great general.'"——"I would fain," says the duchess, "have turned the conversation, but Baudelot persisted in it, till all the company were forced to leave the room, that they might indulge their propensity to laugh; nor was it without difficulty that, after Villars was gone, I could convince my medalist of his impropriety in talking of horns before so celebrated a cuckold."—*European Magazine.*

CONNOISSEURS.

To form a judgment of pictures, it seems reasonable, no doubt, that the connoisseur should be acquainted with the original subjects. Yet how many persons, who have scarcely seen more of nature than the Parks and Kensington Gardens, give their opinions of the beautiful landscapes of the Poussins and Claude, and venture their criticism on their faults! This fact brings to remembrance a story of a gentleman from the Heralds' College, who was much disappointed on the view of the lions in the Tower, as he found them so very different from what he had used to delineate them,—rampant, couchant, etc., at the college.

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OLD BOOKS.

The purchasers of these rare commodities, if they are not irreclaimable antiquaries, have little reason to defend their very unaccountable propensities to dust and bookworms. An author is scarce, either because in course of time the edition has been sold, and by neglect and accidents lost to the public, and no one has thought it worth while to reprint it; or because the edition was very expensive, and in the first place consisted of few copies. If mere antiquity and scarceness are the grounds on which these very curious purchasers proceed, we might expect, provided they were well gilt and in good condition, they would seek their wives among the venerable and scarce specimens of ancient maidens and widows.

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EXTRA LOVE OF ANTIQUITY.

It may with truth be observed that those who have lost

themselves in the study of antiquities seem to have dropped their connection with the world around them, and, like ghosts, to hover round the tombs of their deceased friends, which they honour in proportion to the remoteness of their decease. Lord Monboddo, the metaphysician, a great admirer of the ancients, has professed this taste of "time-honoured" connections in the most ample and singular manner. Speaking of Greek and Latin Dictionaries, his lordship says, "I reckon such dictionary-makers, by whose industry we are enabled to live in the ancient world, one of the greatest blessings which we enjoy in this."

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HOW TO BE A CONNOISSEUR.

A lady, to whom a painter had promised the best picture in his collection, knew not which to take, and hit upon this stratagem :—She sent a person to the painter, who was from home, to tell him that his house was on fire. "Take care of my Cleopatra," exclaimed the artist. The next day the lady sent for the Cleopatra.

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THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

The history of this very interesting and renowned portrait is as follows. It is presumed to be the work of Richard Burbage, the first actor of *Richard III.*, who is known to have handled the pencil. It then became the property of Joseph Taylor, the poet's *Hamlet*, who, dying about the year 1653, left it by will to Sir William Davenant, the poet, who was born 1605, and died 1668. He was a professed admirer of Shakspeare; and his elder brother (Parson Robert) had been heard to relate, as Aubrey informs us,

that Shakspeare had often kissed Sir William when a boy. At the death of Sir William Davenant, in 1668, it was bought by Betterton, the great actor, belonging to the Duke's Theatre, of which Davenant was the patentee; and when he died, Mr. Robert Keck, of the Inner Temple, gave Mrs. Barry, the actress, who had it from Betterton, forty guineas for it. From Mr. Keck it passed to Mr. Nicol, of Minchenden House, Southgate, whose only daughter and heiress, Mary, married James, Marquess of Carnarvon, afterwards Duke of Chandos, from whom it descended in right of his second wife, Anna Eliza, to the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. It is a small portrait on canvas, 22 inches long by 18 broad. The face is thoughtful, the eyes are expressive, and the hair is of a brown black, the dress is black with a white turnover collar, the strings of which are loose. In the left ear is a small gold ring. It fetched, at the Duke of Buckingham's sale at Stowe, in September, 1848, the princely sum of 355 guineas. The Earl of Ellesmere was the purchaser, and it now forms part of the grand collection of pictures at Bridgwater House, in the Green Park.

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THE FELTON PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

The following is the advertisement of the sale of this celebrated portrait, which took place at Christie's Rooms on the 30th April 1870 :—

"MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, & WOODS, respectfully give notice that they will SELL by AUCTION, at their great Rooms, King Street, St. James's Square, on Saturday, April 30th, at 3 o'clock, the FELTON PORTRAIT of SHAKSPEARE. This celebrated picture forms part of an estate in course of administration

under orders of the Court of Chancery. It is generally supposed to be the portrait from which Droeshout engraved his plate, the first portrait published of Shakspeare, and has the reputation of Ben Jonson's testimony of its resemblance to the immortal bard,—'This figure, that thou here seest put, it was for gentle Shakspeare cut; wherein the graver had a strife with nature, to out-doo the life: O, could he but have drawn his wit as well in brasse, as he hath hit his face; the print would then surpass all that was ever writ in brasse.' The picture is painted on wood, life-size, little more than the countenance remaining. On the back is an inscription in old writing, 'Gu. Shakspeare, 1597.—R. B.'; presumed to be Richard Burbage, a well-known player and artist, contemporary with Shakspeare, and to whom report has always given the honour of painting the only portrait for which Shakspeare sat."

The picture had but few admirers, and realized only fifty pounds.

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PARISIAN CARICATURISTS.

In March, 1851, a singular circumstance occurred in Paris, namely, the conviction and sentencing of Charles Vernier, the caricaturist on the *Charivari*, to a fine of 100 francs and two months' imprisonment. His crime was designing a head of the Constitution. M. Léon Faucher and other politicians were shooting arrows at this wonderful mark. The President was handing them the arrows. Underneath was written, "Who upsets it completely shall be my minister." M. Leopold Pannier, the editor, was condemned to pay 2000 francs fine, and suffer six months' imprisonment. The passion of the French for political ferment must be extraordinary to require such severity

exercised towards the press and the arts, added to an extensive system of espionage, which appears to pervade every society of every grade throughout France. Where "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," are upon every lip, we find French citizens amerced and imprisoned for an offence which in England, monarchical England, is allowed to pass unnoticed. Our caricaturists, had they been in France, would have been pillaged of every farthing, and rotted in a felon's gaol, for producing merely a tithe of the bold, political hits at royalty, the ministry, and the political events of the French war, during the reigns of George III. and George IV. The most biting caricatures were thrown off by thousands within a stone's throw of the palace of St. James's, and wet impressions taken to the King, whose good nature was above making war upon Art, even if his knowledge of the English character, and the experience of many years—from the days of Sir Robert Walpole—had not shown him that disappointment, or even public spleen, is harmlessly dissipated by a laugh and a stinging article from some journal,—the true safety-valve for the expression of public hatred to political partisans or measures.—*Almanac of the Fine Arts.*

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ITALIAN POTTERY AND GLASS-MAKING.

The early celebrity of Italian pottery is attested by the French word for earthenware,—*faïence*,—which is only a corruption of the name of the Italian town, Faenza; and its flourishing condition in past ages is shown by the works now so eagerly sought for, in which the genius of Italian art is displayed. But the present commercial importance of this branch of industry in Italy does not equal the historical

interest that belongs to it. Production is limited, not exceeding the value of 3,200,000 francs in porcelain and earthenware of all kinds; while the value of importations from foreign countries amounts to a somewhat larger sum. One porcelain manufactory, that of Doccia, near Florence, seems to deserve special notice. This establishment, the property of the Marquis Ginovi, is chiefly remarkable for the successful imitations which it produces of old majolica. The total annual value of the articles made in it is estimated at about 320,000 francs. The introduction of the art of glass-making into modern Europe is due to the Venetians, who, until comparatively late times, enjoyed an undisputed superiority in it. They discovered the means of rendering glass colourless by the employment of manganese. They had the monopoly of mirrors, the silvering of which was a secret long kept from other countries. But the mirrors of Venice have now lost their reputation, the manufacturers of this place being unable to produce plates equal in dimensions to those made by their foreign competitors. Glass beads became at an early period an important article of trade with Africa and the East. They are still made in considerable quantities for exportation. Venetian enamels have always been famous, and among the peculiar productions of this place may be reckoned the beautiful composition called Aventurine, the secret of which is said to be in the possession of a single manufacturer. Some articles, such as beads, are made to a certain extent in the city of Venice itself; but the great glass works are to be found at Murano, one of the islands of the lagoon. This little island, which had at one time 30,000 inhabitants, formerly enjoyed a sort of local independence, with distinct laws and institutions. It had a wealthy nobility of its own, whose names were inscribed in a separate golden book. Its

privileges have disappeared, its population and riches have declined, but its industrial establishments are still active, and show signs of prosperity. Before the fall of the old Venetian republic, the glassmakers constituted a close corporation with exclusive privileges. The trade was thrown open in 1806 under the government of the then kingdom of Italy, and a period of keen competition and low prices ensued, until the year 1848, when the conditions of the trade were regulated by an agreement among the manufacturers. The number of persons employed in glass-making at Murano and Venice is 5000, of whom one-third are men, and two-thirds women and children. The highest wages are, for men, 12 francs; for women, 1 franc 50 centimes; the lowest for men, 2 francs, and for women, 75 centimes. The annual cost of the substances employed in the manufacture is estimated at between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 francs, and that of the fuel consumed at 600,000 francs. The gross receipts obtained come to little more than double this aggregate amount. The principal markets for Venetian glass are in France, England, Germany, and, above all, in the East, where there is a constant demand for the beads and other articles known by the denomination of "conterie." The above facts are taken from the interesting report by Mr. Herries, published in a recently issued series of consular reports.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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THE PORTLAND VASE.

The Portland Vase is a beautiful cinerary urn of transparent dark blue glass, found about the middle of the sixteenth century, in a marble sarcophagus near Rome. It was at first deposited in the Barberini Palace at Rome (and

hence often called the "Barberini Vase") : it then became (1770) the property, by purchase, of Sir William Hamilton, from whose possession it passed into that of the Duchess of Portland. In 1810, the Duke of Portland, one of the trustees of the British Museum, allowed it to be placed in that institution, retaining his right over it as his own property. In 1845, William Lloyd dashed this valuable relic to pieces with a stone. Owing to the defective state of the law, only a slight punishment could be inflicted; but an act was immediately passed making such an offence punishable with imprisonment for two years; and one, two, or three public or private whippings. The pieces of the fractured vase were carefully gathered up, and afterwards united in a very complete manner, and thus repaired. It still exists in the Museum, but is not shown to the public.

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A LOST ART.

The most remarkable Chinese porcelain is the Kiasing, or azure pressed; the secret of its manufacture has been lost, but the specimens which are preserved are of inestimable value. The art was that of tracing figures on the china, which are invisible until the vessel is filled with liquid. The porcelain is of the very thinnest description,—almost as thin as an egg-shell. It is said that the application in tracing these figures is internal, and not by external painting, as in ordinary manufacture; and that after such tracing was made, and when it was perfectly dry, a very thin covering or coating was laid over it of the same paste of which the vessel had been formed, and thus the painting lay between two coatings of chinaware. When the internal coating became sufficiently dry, they oiled it over, and

shortly after placed it in a mould and scraped the exterior of the vessel as thin as possible, without penetrating to the painting, and then baked it in the oven. It is evident that if such be the mode that was adopted, it would require the nicest dexterity and patient care, for which the Chinese are remarkable; but, although they constantly endeavour to recover the exact method, their trials have been hitherto unavailing.—*Sirr's "China and the Chinese."*

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FANS.

Old English and French fans are both scarce and costly; in 1865 a collection of old French fans, painted by Boucher and Watteau, was sold by Messrs. Foster at prices varying from £6 to £30 each; the set of fourteen fans fetching as much as £195. Recently, three old French fans were sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson for the large sum of 55 guineas.

An Exhibition of Fans on loan took place at the South Kensington Museum in May, 1870, a collection both curious and interesting; the objects of the promoters being to encourage a taste for fans of elegant and artistic designs, and to promote the employment of female artists in their manufacture. Much has been done by Mr. Cole and his able co-adjutors to foster a correct taste, and enable those who follow Art, as a means of livelihood, to obtain true artistic instruction. The number of fans in the collection consisted of over five hundred, many being works of high Art; and it was astonishing to see what little effect time had had on these little frail and perishable articles of luxury.

Her Majesty the Queen, the Empress of the French,

the Comtesse de Chambrun, and Lady Wyatt, alone contributed over one hundred and fifty, all of exquisite design and workmanship.

Mr. Samuel Redgrave, in his Introduction to the Catalogue, says, "The present Exhibition is part of the scheme of the Department of Science and Art for the Art Instruction of Women. To promote this object, the Department offered prizes in competition for fans painted by the students in the Female Schools of Art in 1868, and again in 1869." Her Majesty the Queen, the Baroness Meyer de Rothschild, Lady Cornelia Guest, and the Society of Arts also offered prizes for competition at the International Exhibition of the present year (1871), which have produced many designs of great merit.

The use of the fan has been traced back to very ancient times. They are evidently of Eastern origin, and are absolutely necessary in the East, to temper in some degree the fierce heat of the sun. But from tropical regions they found their way at an early date into Europe, and were in use at Rome at least as early as the second century before Christ, when they are mentioned by Terence in one of his comedies. One of the oldest fans preserved to the present day is that of Theodelinda, a queen of Lombardy, who lived in the latter part of the sixth century. It is preserved at Monza, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Lombardy, and is made of purple vellum, embellished with gold and silver.

The fan has served a variety of purposes besides its natural use of producing a cool breeze. Spanish ladies, who are accustomed to attend bull-fights, carry with them fans containing a programme of the entertainment, and adorned with portraits both of the bulls and the fighters. In Japan they serve many uses, from being a rod in the hands of the schoolmaster, to a receptacle for alms in those

of the beggar. The fan has been largely used, too, in religious ceremonies. In the middle ages it was customary to wave a fan over the elements of the Sacrament. Fans of this description were attached to long handles, often elaborately worked in gold and silver. On great occasions, when the Pope is carried in state through the streets of Rome, he is preceded by large fans made of peacock feathers, and said to be copies of ancient fans used in the temple of Jupiter. And in the Greek Church, when a deacon is ordained, a fan is given to him, part of his duty being to keep off flies and other insects from the superior priests when celebrating the Sacrament. The custom is carried out in all parts of Russia, though, as has been observed, the office must, in that climate, be a sinecure, at least for great part of the year.

In the middle ages, fans were made of feathers, and their chief ornamentation was in the handles, which were made of gold, silver, or ivory, and often set with precious stones. The beautiful wife of Rubens is represented in portraiture as carrying in her hand a single feather.

The French have long been famous for their fans, and the manufacture was introduced so early, that a company of fan-workers was established at Paris in the sixteenth century. In 1683, Louis XIV. formed them into a special guild. In his and the two following reigns, fans were of such universal use that no toilet was considered complete without one. They were made of perfumed leather or paper, and decorated by Watteau, Boucher, and other artists, the handle being often elaborately carved and adorned with jewels. At the present day, the making of fans is an important branch of industry at Paris to the extent of £100,000 yearly; one manufacturer employing, it is said, upwards of two thousand hands, some of his fans being most tastefully decorated by

the best artists in Paris, the price of a single fan reaching as high a sum as £1000.

The fan was probably introduced into England early in the sixteenth century. Stow indeed says that "masks, muffs, fans, and false hair for women were devised in Italy, and brought to England from France in 1572, that being the year of the Huguenot massacre, and of the supremacy in France of Catherine de Medici and her Italian followers." Fans were, however, in use at least as early as the reign of Henry VIII., when they were carried by young gentlemen, sometimes on horseback. When ladies walked out, their fans were carried by servants. They consisted of a tuft of feathers set on the end of a handle or stick, and had much the appearance of powder puffs. The most costly were of ostrich feathers, and looking-glasses were often placed in the broad part above the handle, which was elaborately decorated.

The fan was received into great favour by Queen Elizabeth, who, notwithstanding her great ability in managing the affairs of the State, and her haughty and imperious temper, was singularly susceptible to flattery, and bestowed great care on her personal adornment. Many instances are on record of her courtiers trying to ingratiate themselves with her by the present of a fan. Amongst them the great sailor, Sir Francis Drake, gave her a fan of white and red feathers, with a gold handle embellished with pearls and diamonds. Her favourite, the Earl of Leicester, also presented her with a fan. It was made of white feathers with a gold handle set with pearls, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, and a device of "a lion ramping, with a white bear muzzled at his foot," in token of his own complete subjection to his royal mistress, his cognizance being a bear. At Elizabeth's death, her wardrobe was found to contain an immense quantity of clothing

and finery of all descriptions, including as many as twenty-seven fans.

In her reign a fan was deemed an essential part of a lady's dress, and the handle was often made of gold, silver, or ivory, of curious and expensive workmanship. In a comedy written about this time occurs the passage, "She hath a fan, with a short silver handle about the length of a barber's syringe;" and a little later, in 1649, Sir William Davenant says, in *Love and Honour*, "All your plate, Vaso, is the silver handle of your own prisoner's fan." Shakspeare, too, repeatedly mentions the fan, as, for instance, in the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, the scene of which is in Italy:—

"*Nurse.*—My fan, Peter.

"*Mercutio.*—Prythee, do good Peter, to hide her face, for the fan's the fairer of the two."

And again, in the same play, showing the custom of carrying the fan before ladies:—

"*Nurse.*—Peter, take my fan, and go before."

Most writers on costume consider that folding-fans, similar to those used in modern times, were introduced into England, probably from France, in the reign of James I. Fan-painting soon became a distinct profession, but we hear little of the folding-fan during the time of the Stuarts. The small feather-fan still kept its place as full-dress, as is shown by a print of the wife of Sir Henry Garway, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1640. She is represented as holding in her hand a fan similar to those used in the reign of Elizabeth.

By the early part of the eighteenth century the fan seems to have become an object of general use, and to have given considerable employment to painters, engravers, and makers. The manufacture, indeed, became so important that in

1709 the company of fan-makers, which is still in existence, was incorporated by letters patent from Queen Anne. The fraternity was governed by a master, two wardens, and twenty assistants; but they have never had either a hall or livery. The age of Queen Anne produced many distinguished writers, both in prose and verse; and, as we might expect, the fan did not escape their observation. It is mentioned both by Addison and Pope, but more particularly by Gay, who published, in 1714, a poem entitled "The Fan," where he says:—

> "The fan shall flutter in all female hands,
> And various fashions learn from various lands.
> For this shall elephants their ivory shed,
> And polished sticks the waving engine spread,
> His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
> And round the rivet pearly circles shine.
> On this shall Indians all their art employ,
> And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy;
> Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow—
> Their dress, their customs, their religion show.
> So shall the British fair their minds improve,
> And on the fan to distant climates rove."

Doubtless, the most reasonable deduction to be arrived at is, that the fan has its origin in necessity; and in itself, trivial as it may appear, is perhaps of an importance few would conceive. It is not only an ornament to an *élégante* for the purpose, it is said, of flirting and coquetry, but serves as an instrument to chastise a lap-dog or a puppy.

From the *Spectator* of June 27, 1711, it appears that it was no easy matter for a lady to learn the necessary tactics and manœuvres of the fan, which, correctly acquired, no doubt formed one of the "accomplishments" of that age. They are thus described:—"Handle your fan; unfurl your fan; discharge your fan; ground your fan; recover your fan;

flutter your fan. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, that will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that modish machine." Directions are also given for the several evolutions, but the last, "Flutter your fan," was undoubtedly by far the most important.

Among the many subjects devised for fans about this period is a painted one of Bartholomew Fair, temp. 1721, representing a view of Lee and Harper's great booth, Faux, the conjuror, etc. They included also subjects from the Beggars' Opera, and the famous works of Hogarth were called into request for the same purpose. Fans at this time were of such proportions as to give many opportunities to caricaturists and writers to make them the object of their ridicule and wit:—

"Say, Jenny, why that monstrous fan?
What purpose does thy bosom move?
Is it to save us or trepan?
Is it to cure or quicken love?

If worn in pity's gentle cause,
Beneath, unseen, you mean to lie;
I know a thousand eyes it draws,
Which else, perhaps, had wandered by."

Mrs. Abington, a celebrated actress, was considered an adept at flirting a fan; and being possessed of the highest refinement of taste in dress, her judgment and opinion were often solicited by ladies of rank.

"Pray, ladies, copy Abington;
Observe the breeding in her air;—
There's nothing of the actress there.
Assume the fashion, if you can,
And catch the graces of her fan."

In the *Westminster Journal* of February 23rd, 1751, a writer proposed a tax on fan mounts, which, he considered, would produce a revenue of £30,000 per annum.

In the following year an advertisement appeared in the *Daily Advertiser* from *employés* in the fan trade, thanking the Company of Fanmakers for their efforts to abolish the importation of fans, and their endeavours, by asserting the superiority of home-made fans over those of foreign manufacture, to gain the patronage of the ladies, and the consequent relief of the distressed members of the trade, who, through the extensive imports of foreign-made fans, were prevented from obtaining employment.

In the year 1753 the journeyman fanmakers presented the Dowager Princess of Wales with an elegant fan, which they represented to be far superior to Indian fans. In the same year a correspondent of Sylvanus Urban published complaints of snuff-taking by both sexes at church; the ladies also giving grave offence by the use of the fan mounts which he saw displayed by a row of ladies while kneeling at the Communion Table. Among the subjects were :— "Meeting of Isaac and Rebekah," "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," "Darby and Joan," "Vauxhall Gardens," "The Judgment of Paris," "Harlequin, Pierrot, and Columbine," "The Prodigal Son," scenes from the "Rake's Progress," etc.

During the latter part of the last and the beginning of the present century, fans seem to have ceased to be a necessary accompaniment to a lady's toilet, although they are still to be seen at balls and theatres, and of some utility, perhaps, judging from a print in which a lady and gentleman are represented sitting by each other, the gentleman "fluttering the fan,"—

> "The suit obtained, they tread the mazy round;
> At length fatigued, a seat's convenient found.
> Harry, assiduous, plies the glittering fan,
> And proves himself a very nice young man."

THE TRIALS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Who can conceive the troubles attendant upon the daily labour of a face painter? Hoppner once remarked to a young painter, "I'll tell you what, sir: when you have to paint a portrait, particularly of a woman, make it handsome enough,—your sitter or her friends will find the likeness. Never you forget that."

An Italian painter, on taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at her mouth she was twisting her features in order to render it smaller, and put her lips into the most extreme contraction. "Do not trouble yourself so much, madam," exclaimed the limner; "for, if you choose, I will draw you without any mouth at all." It is needless to repeat here all the tales that have been told of the difficulties of a face painter. The following anecdotes will show to what extent of vanity and folly those people are subject who, though wishing to hand down to posterity their own portrait or that of some member of their family, are entirely ignorant of the simplest rules of Art; and, consequently, give considerable trouble and anxiety to the artist. For instance, how often in our exhibitions do we find a portrait painted of a citizen in the dress of a military man, or a naval officer in the costume of a Roman general in a toga, with bare arms! Most must be drawn in the manner of ancient Greece or Rome, instead of their proper habits; the sitter having his head so full of antiquity that everything must be according to the ancient taste.

"The grandest commission," remarks an artist, "that ever blessed my hopes was a series of family portraits,—father, mother, a daughter just simpering into womanhood, and three as noisy, ugly, wiry-looking lads as any one would wish to hear, and be anxious not to see. All were

progressing with great satisfaction to the affectionate family until, in an unlucky moment, I strengthened the shadow under the nose of Mr. Jones. In a moment all was uproar, one and all declaring that 'Father never takes snuff, because mother thinks it a nasty, filthy habit.' Out, therefore, came the shadow, and of course in, therefore, went the nose. The only objection made to Mrs. Jones's 'likeness' was, that it did 'not look at you;' but how the deuce it ever should I could never find out, for the original was wholly incapable of bringing both eyes to bear upon any given object at one and the same time. The portraits of the juvenile male Joneses were, as their mother fondly expressed herself, 'the very mottle of them;' 'but, sir,' said she, 'there is one thing I wish you to alter, I don't like the eyes at all. I have been married to Jones these twenty years, and, as you see, have been a fruitful wife to him; I have, besides these, two babbies at home, and I do assure you, sir, and Jones knows it, I never had a child born in all our marriage days that had a speck in its eye. Please, sir, to oblige me by putting them out.' With a groan I submitted, and painting out the lights I had, as I thought, properly introduced into the eyes, sent home the portraits of the young Joneses, every one as blind as a bat. I should not forget, that when I requested to know whether Miss Adeliza would be painted in a high or a low dress, her mother confidentially whispered to me that it was to be a low one, but I must mind and let the portrait be 'partic'lar modest about the neck,' as it was for a gentleman."

Another story which he relates is of a rough, honest-hearted naval captain. "All that I did vastly pleased him, until, when nearly finishing the picture, I had begun to throw an incidental shadow across the lower part of the figure. The gallant gentleman saw in a glass that stood

opposite what I was about to do, and rushing from his seat, seized my hand, crying out, 'Avast there, young gentleman, what are you about? Who the devil ever saw an officer on the quarter-deck with his breeches in that mess? No, no, that won't do.' I submitted to my fate, and sent home the portrait with a pair of unpronounceables of unexceptionable whiteness."

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SEDDON'S PICTURE OF "JERUSALEM."

On the 23rd November, 1856, the gifted young artist, Thomas Seddon, died at Cairo on his way to the Holy Land. He was buried with all due solemnity in the same small cemetery whither he had, two years before, followed the remains of Mr. Nicholson (a traveller whom he accidentally met on his first journey to the East), and which he has touchingly described in a letter written at that time. A marble slab, surmounted by a simple, plain cross, with the following inscription at its foot,

"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain,"

marks the spot where his remains rest. On the slab itself is engraved,

"THOMAS SEDDON, Artist,

Who died at Cairo, the 23rd of November, 1856."

To which is added a verse from one of his favourite hymns,

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,—
And death had no sting, for the Saviour hath died."

A short time after the melancholy news of his death had

arrived in England, some of his artist friends met together at the house of Ford Maddox Brown, Esq., for the purpose of considering what steps they could take to testify their respect for his memory, and their admiration of his works, which they felt deserved some public notice. They afterwards invited the co-operation of other gentlemen who had been acquainted with him and appreciated his efforts, and convened a meeting at the house of W. Holman Hunt, Esq., which was numerously attended. Professor Donaldson, John Ruskin, Esq., and others addressed those present, Mr. Ruskin, remarking, "that the position which Mr. Seddon occupied as an artist appears to deserve some public recognition quite other than could be generally granted to genius, however great, which had been occupied only in previously beaten paths. Mr. Seddon's works are the first which represent a truly historic landscape art; that is to say, they are the first landscapes uniting perfect artistical skill with topographical accuracy; being directed, with stern self-restraint, to no other purpose than that of giving to persons who cannot travel, trustworthy knowledge of the scenes which ought to be most interesting to them. Whatever degrees of truth may have been attained or attempted by previous artists have been more or less subordinate to pictorial or dramatic effect." At this meeting a committee was formed, and Mr. W. M. Rossetti appointed honorary secretary, "for the purpose of raising a subscription for the purchase of the oil picture of 'Jerusalem,' painted by the late Mr. Thomas Seddon, from his widow, for the sum of four hundred guineas, and to offer it to the National Gallery."

The efforts of the committee were most successful. The Society of Arts kindly lent their spacious rooms for the exhibition of his works, which were collected for the pur-

pose, and visited by a large number of persons. Mr. Ruskin again came forward, and delivered a most able address on the subject at a conversazione held for the purpose; and the result of these generous efforts was that a sum of nearly £600 was raised by public subscription. With this the committee purchased his picture of "Jerusalem," as they had proposed, and offered it to the Trustees of the National Gallery, by whom it was accepted; and it is now at the South Kensington Museum. The balance of the subscription, after paying the contingent expenses, was presented to Mrs. Thomas Seddon, as a testimony of the recognition by the public of the merits of her husband.—*Memoir and Letters of Thomas Seddon, by his Brother.*

We cannot conclude this interesting account of the late Thomas Seddon, without introducing the following eloquent appeal made at the meeting of the Society of Arts already referred to, by that powerful writer on Art, John Ruskin:—"Whether they would further the noble cause of truth in Art, while they gave honour to a good and a great man, and consolation to those who loved him; or whether they would add one more to the victories of oblivion, and suffer this picture, wrought in the stormy desert of Aceldama, which was the last of his labours, to be also the type of their reward: whether they would suffer the thorn and the thistle to choke the seed that he had sown, and the sand of the desert to sweep over his forgotten grave."

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A GREAT PICTURE AND ITS VICISSITUDES.

One of the noblest paintings of the modern school is Lawrence's "Hamlet Apostrophizing the Skull," in the churchyard scene, as represented by the famous tragedian,

John Kemble. It is a full-length, life-size, and was painted in 1801. Cunningham justly describes it as a work of the highest order,—sad, thoughtful, melancholy; with looks conversing with death and the grave; a perfect image of the great dramatist. About the year 1812, this celebrated picture was exhibited, and for sale, at the European Museum, King Street, St. James's, London. Mr. Robert Ashby, the engraver, of Lombard Street, on visiting the gallery was susprised to see so fine a specimen of modern art so situated, and inquired of the keeper as to the circumstance which led to its degradation, from whom he learnt that Mr. Maddocks, M.P., had previously purchased it with the intention of placing it as an altar-piece in a church which he had recently erected in a village called Tre Madoc, in Wales; but the bishop of the diocese having expressed his disapproval of its being placed in the church, the purpose of Mr. Maddocks was defeated, and he sent the picture for sale as above. The price demanded was two hundred guineas, which Mr. Ashby agreed to give; at the same time observing that if any other purchaser offered during the time of the gallery remaining open, he would relinquish his right; his motive being solely to prevent the picture being returned unsold. The result was that Mr. Ashby became the purchaser at the price stated, and retained it in his possession for a time; when the artist, Mr. Lawrence (afterwards Sir Thomas) wrote to him (Mr. A.), inquiring whether he would part with the picture, he (Mr. L.) being desirous ot obtaining it for the then Marquis of Abercorn, who had designed to place it in the saloon at his seat at Stanmore. Mr. Ashby immediately consented to the re-sale, at the same sum which he had paid, much gratified at the prospect of its being so suitably placed. Here another interruption occurred; the Marquis of Abercorn died, and with him the

project of removing the "Hamlet" to Stanmore. From this time it remained in the possession of Mr. Lawrence, until he obtained the patronage of George IV., who displayed his liberality and fine taste by purchasing it for one thousand guineas. William IV., in 1836, presented the painting to the National Gallery, whence it has since been transferred to a distinguished place in the South Kensington Museum.

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THE FRESCOES IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

"Mr. Herbert is, we think, the first painter who has divested the sacred legislator of adventitious solemnity and conventional marks of power, and substituted for them the worn countenance and wasted frame of a chief who leads an army through the desert, and confers upon them laws destined to maintain a moral dominion over all the generations of mankind.

"One reason why Mr. Herbert's picture is so worthy of its fame, is, that the painter never grudged labour or loss upon it. In 1850 he was commissioned to paint nine frescoes in the Peers' Robing Room at the price of £9000. For several years before he had been earning nearly £2000 a year, yet he was willing to give up nine years to work for about half the sum. When he found that the fresco process was imperfect, he unhesitatingly obliterated his work, and began it anew in the water-glass method. He was to have received £2000 for the 'Moses,' but the commission appointed in 1864 recommended that the price should be raised to £5000. The same sum is to be paid to Mr. Maclise for the 'Death of Nelson,' and, of course, for the

'Meeting at La Belle Alliance.' It is plain that when the thought of decorating the Houses of Parliament with frescoes was first entertained, no great expense was anticipated. Mr. Dyce said he understood that in Munich Professor Schnorr was paid at the rate of £500 a year, which would be equal to £700 in this country, and had to pay his assistants. For this sum Mr. Dyce thought the services of the chief English artists might be commanded, 'those at least who are engaged in subjects of fancy. The services of those who paint portraits would not be obtained at that sum; but I believe it is taking a high average to state the income of the more respectable artists of this country at £500 a year.' Accordingly, the first frescoes in the House of Lords were ordered at the rate of £400 for the cartoon, and £400 for the fresco. Mr. Dyce was to paint the 'Legend of King Arthur' in the Queen's Robing Room, and to receive £800 a year for six years. The eight compartments in the Peers' and Commons' corridors were to have been painted in oil, and £500 was to have been paid for the first picture, and £450 for each of the remainder. But when frescoes were substituted, the remuneration for each was raised to £600.

"The prices paid are not extravagant, though of course somewhat higher than those paid in Germany. It is well known that King Louis always bought in the cheapest market. Count Raczynski states that Hess received £3700 for his frescoes in the chapel of All Saints, and £5000 for those in the basilica of St. Boniface. For the Nibelungen halls in the Palace, Schnorr, according to the same authority, was paid £2600; for his frescoes from Walther von de Vogelweide in the Queen's first Ante-chamber, Gassen received £360; Folz for the Burger Room, £460; Kaulbach for the Throne Room, £300, and for the Sleeping

Chamber, £666; Hess for the Theocritus Room, £600; and Moriz von Schwind for the Tieck Room, £240. Contrast with these figures the price paid to Kaulbach for his paintings in the New Museum at Berlin—£37,500, with an allowance of £3,750 for materials."—*Edinburgh Review, January*, 1866.

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THE RIDING MASTER AND THE ELGIN MARBLES.

Shortly after the Elgin Marbles were thrown open to the public indiscriminately, a gentlemanly-looking person was observed to stand in the middle of the gallery on one spot for upwards of an hour, changing his attitude only by turning himself round. At last he left the room, but in the course of two hours he again took his former station, attended by about a dozen young gentlemen; and there to them he made nearly the following observations:—"See, gentlemen, look at the riders all round the room," alluding to the Friezes; "see how they sit; see with what ease and elegance they ride! I never saw such men in my life; they have no saddles, no stirrups; they must have leaped upon their horses in grand style. You will do well to study the position of these noble fellows; stay here this morning instead of riding with me, and I am sure you will seat yourselves better to-morrow." I need hardly tell the reader that this person was a riding-master, and that after he had been so astonished at the sculptor's riders, he brought all his pupils to whom he was that morning to have given lessons at his riding-school.—*Smith's "Nollekens and his Times."*

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A HALLOWED SPOT.

I had intended to prolong my route to the western corner of the Green (Kew), but in passing St. Anne's Chapel, I found the pew-openers engaged in wiping the pews and washing the aisles. I knew that child of genius, Gainsborough, the painter, lay interred here, and, desirous of paying my homage to his grave, I inquired for the spot. As is usual in regard to this class of people, they could give me no information; yet one of them fancied she had heard such a name before. I was therefore obliged to wait while the sexton or clerk was fetched, and in the interim I walked into the chapel. I was in truth well repaid for the time it cost me; for I never saw anything prettier, except Lord le Despencer's exquisite structure at West Wycombe. As the royal family usually attend here when they reside at Kew, it is superbly fitted up, and the architecture is in the best taste. Several marble monuments of singular beauty adorn the walls, but the record of a man of genius absorbed every attraction of ordinary rank and title. It was a marble slab to the memory of Meyer, the painter, with lines by the poet Hayley.

JEREMIAH MEYER, R.A.,
Painter in Miniature and Enamel to
His Majesty George III.,
Died January 19th, 1789.

Meyer! in thy works the world will ever see
How great the loss of Art in losing thee;
But Love and Sorrow find the words too weak,
Nature's keen sufferings on thy death to speak;
Through all her duties, what a heart was thine.
In thy cold dust what spirit used to shine;
Fancy, and truth, and gaiety, and zeal,
What most we love in life, and, losing, feel,

> Age after age may not one artist yield
> Equal to thee, in Painting's ample field:
> And ne'er shall sorrowing Earth to Heaven commend
> A fonder parent, or a firmer friend.
>
> WILLIAM HAYLEY, 1789.

From hence I strolled into the vestry, when the clerk or sexton's assistant made his appearance; and on the south side of the churchyard he brought me to the tomb of Gainsborough. "Ah, friend!" said I, "this is a hallowed spot,—here lies one of Britain's favoured sons, whose genius has assisted in exalting her among the nations of the earth." "Perhaps it was so," said the man; "but we know nothing about the people buried, except to keep up their monuments, if the family pay; and, perhaps, sir, you belong to this family; if so, I'll tell you how much is due." "Yes, truly, friend," said I, "I am one of the great family bound to preserve the monument of Gainsborough; but if you take me for one of his relatives, you are mistaken." "Perhaps, sir, you may be of the family, but were not included in the will, therefore are not obligated." I could not now avoid looking with scorn at the fellow; but, as the spot claimed better feelings, I gave him a trifle for his trouble, and mildly told him I would not detain him. The monument being a plain one, and making no palpable appeal to vulgar admiration, was disregarded by these people. It did not fall in the way of the untaught, on this otherwise polite spot, to know that they have among them the remains of the first painter of our national school in fancy-pictures, and one of the first in the classes of landscape and portraits; a man who recommended himself as much by his superiority, as by his genius; as much by the mode in which his genius was developed, as by the perfection of his works; and as much by his amiable private character, as by his eminence in the

chief of Fancy's Arts. The following are the words engraven on the stone:—

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, Esq.,
died Aug. 2, 1788.
Also the body of
GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT, Esq.,
who died Jan. 20, 1797,
aged 42 years.
Also, Mrs. MARGARET GAINSBOROUGH,
wife of the above
Thomas Gainsborough, Esq.,
who died Dec. 17, 1798,
in the 72nd year of her age.

A little to the eastward lie the remains of another illustrious son of Art, the modest Zoffany, whose Florence Gallery, portraits of the Royal Family, and other pictures, will always raise him among the highest class of painters. He long resided on this Green, and like Michael Angelo, Titian, and our own West, produced masterpieces at fourscore. The words on the monument are—

Sacred to the Memory
of JOHN ZOFFANY, R.A.,
who died Nov. 11, 1810,
aged 87 years.

Abridged from Sir R. Phillips's "London to Kew."

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